NO.5

ANDROMEDA

$1.25

WALTER.M.MILLER

THE BIG HUNGER

After a couple of months of delays we're finally able to bring you the fifth issue of Andromeda. Response has been very heartening, both from you, our readership and from the professional community.

Hopefully, we will soon be able to bring you original stories by some of the top Science Fiction/Fantasy authors as well as adaptations of their previous works.

There are, as always, a lot of people responsible for what you now hold in your hands. They know who they are. Thanks!

THE BIG HUNGER by Walter M. Miller, adapted by b.p. nichol, illustrated by Tony Meers **2**
When I first read this story with thoughts of adapting it to comics format I was a little hesitant. When b.p. came back with the script things started to look better. Now you can see the final result, handled so admirably by Tony. Judge for yourself. It's a strange story... or is it just a story?

KLANG-KLANG by Derek Carter **27**
Chances are that if you've not seen Derek's work at some time, you've at least heard his thick accent thundering through the streets of Toronto. Derek has been with us from the beginning, waiting in the wings, as it were. Grumbling, and kicking at the dirt. Both Andromeda and the Canadian comic book community owe a great deal to Mr. Carter — and we are proud to present, at last, "Klang-Klang".

THE VISIT by Don Marshall **31**
Don has become quite a regular with us. Here he presents a two-page short story from his future history "The Targan Terror". More episodes will be appearing in upcoming issues of Andromeda.

THE BELLERGON VERSION by b.p. nichol, illustrated by Tom Nesbitt **33**
Messrs. Nichol and Nesbitt have once more combined their awesome talents to bring us this fascinating, if somewhat familiar tale. Quiz time. Original story by a) Hans Christian Anderson B) The Brothers Grimm C) Other

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2 No. 5 June 1979. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics Ltd., 321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors.

Cover © 1979 John Allison. Frontispiece © 1979 Robert MacIntyre. The Big Hunger © 1979 Walter M. Miller, used with the kind permission of his agent Harold Matson Company Inc. Illustration © 1979 Tony Meers. Klang-Klang © 1979 Derek Carter. The Visit © 1979 Don Marshall. The Bellergon Version © 1979 b.p. nichol and Tom Nesbitt. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Firefly Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada.

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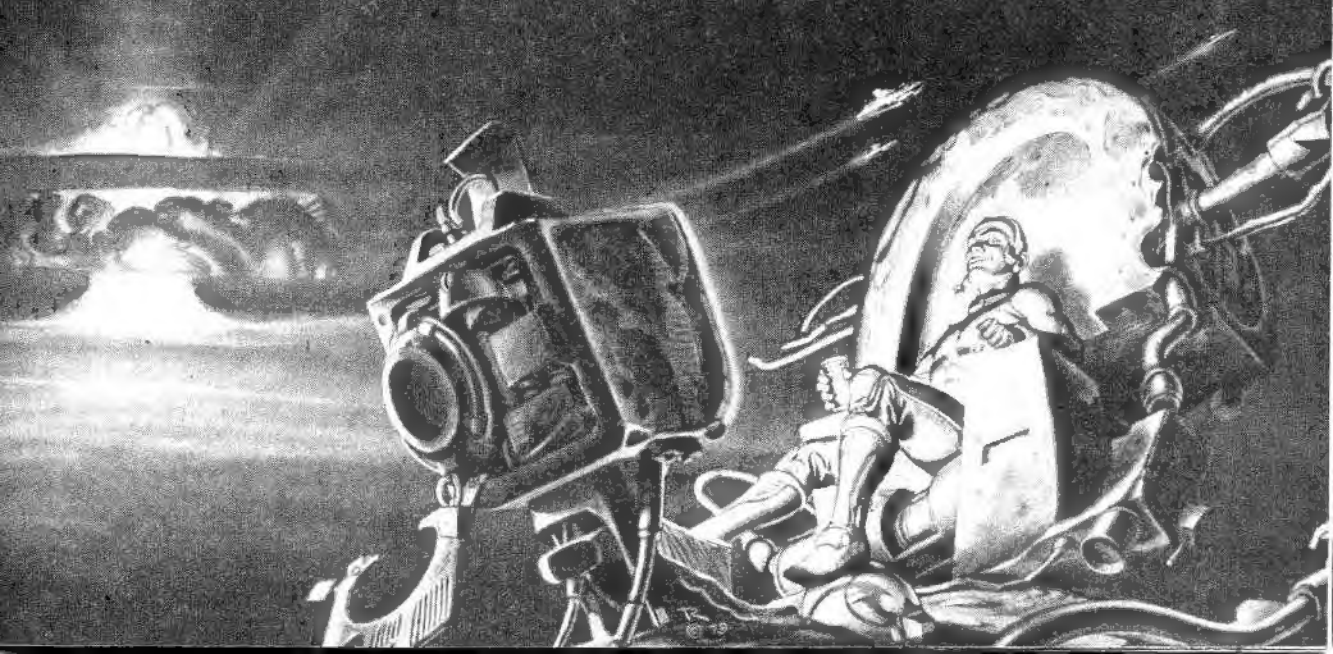
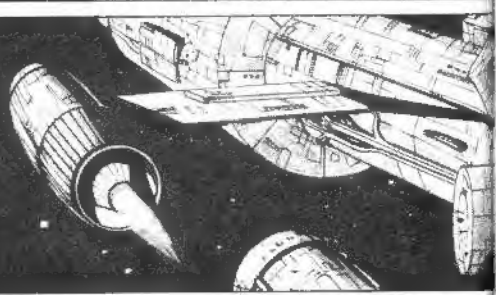


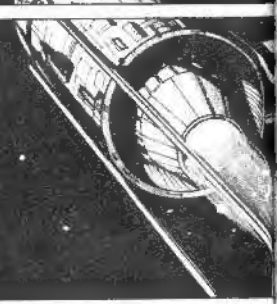
I AM **BLIND**, -YET I KNOW THE ROAD TO THE STARS.

SPACE IS MY HARP, AND I TOUCH IT LIGHTLY WITH MY FINGERS OF STEEL... **SPACE SINGS.**

ITS MUSIC QUIVERS IN THE FLUX PATTERNS, COMES CREEPING ALONG THE TWITCH OF A POSITRON STREAM, COMES TO WHISPER IN GLASS EARS. I HEAR. AIEE!

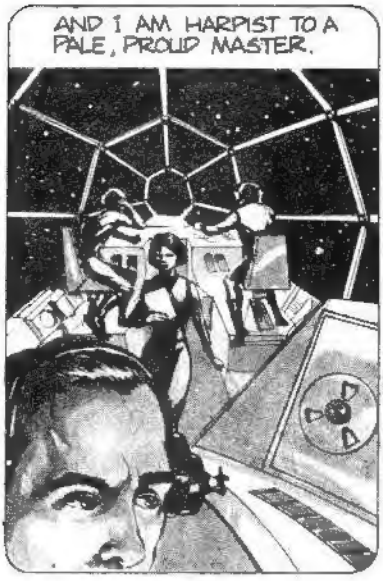


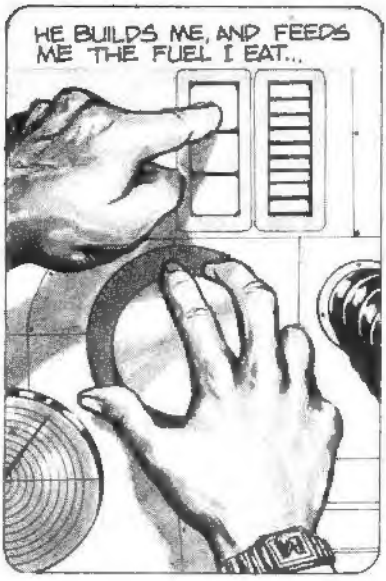
THOUGH I AM WITHOUT EYES, I SEE THE STARS TANGLED IN THEIR FIELD-WEBS, TANGLED INTO ONE.



I AM THE SPIDER WHO RUNS OVER THE WEB.

I AM THE SPIDER WHO SPINS, SPINNING A SPACE WHERE NO STARS ARE.

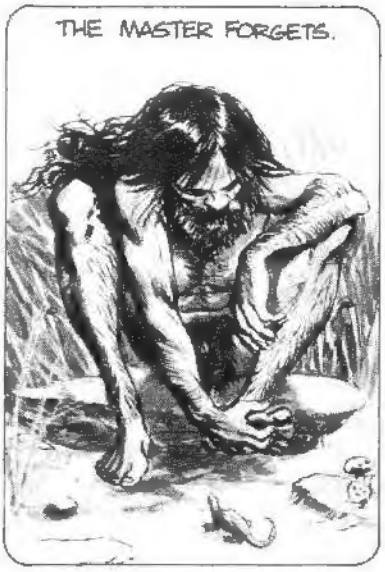

AND I AM HARPIST TO A PALE, PROUD MASTER.


HE BUILDS ME, AND FEEDS ME THE FUEL I EAT...

...AND LEADS ME RIDING THROUGH THE SPACE I MAKE, TO THE GLARE OF ANOTHER SUN.

AND WHEN HE IS DONE WITH ME, I LIE RUSTING IN THE RAIN.

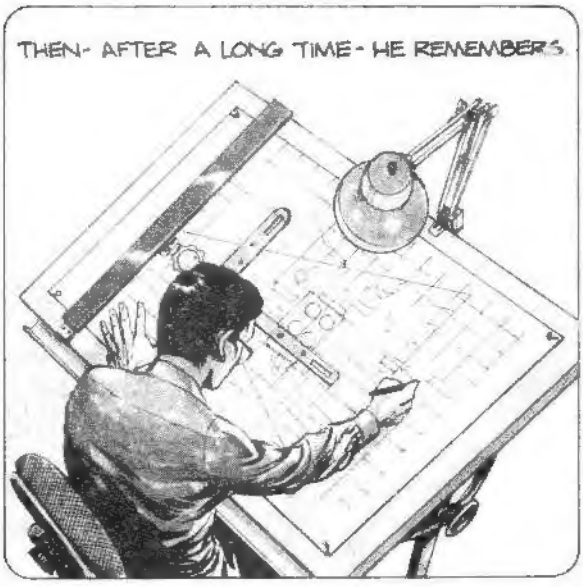
MY METAL ROTS WITH AGES AND THE SEA COMES WASHING OVER LAND TO TAKE ME WHILE I SLEEP.

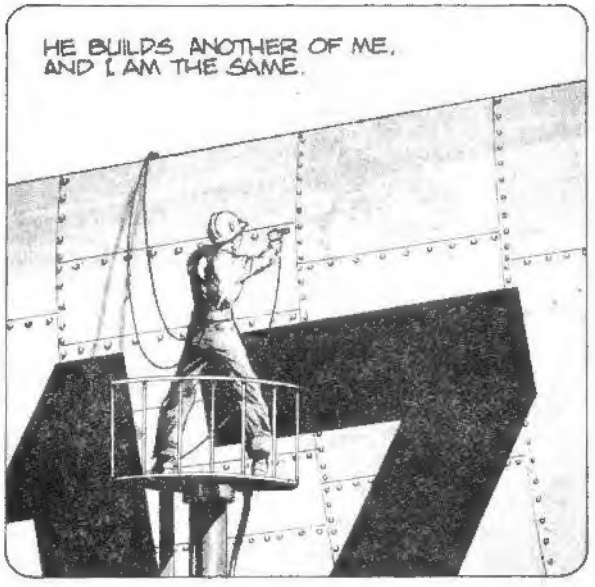

THE MASTER FORGETS.

THE MASTER CHIPS FLINT FROM A STONE, LEAVING A STONE-AXE.

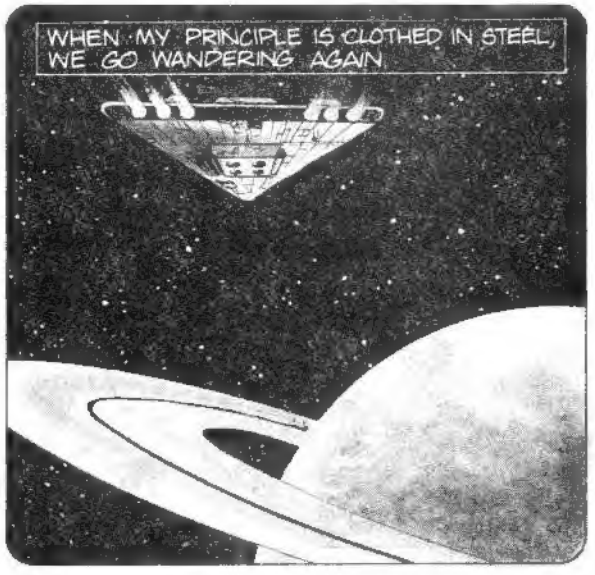
HE BUSIES HIMSELF WITH DRUMS AND BLOODY ALTARS.

HE DANCES WITH A WRITHING SNAKE IN HIS MOUTH, CONJURING THE RAIN.


THEN- AFTER A LONG TIME - HE REMEMBERS


HE BUILDS ANOTHER OF ME,
AND I AM THE SAME.

FOR LIKE THE SOUL OF HIM WHO BUILDS ME,
MY PRINCIPLE LIES BEYOND PARTICULAR FLESH.
117

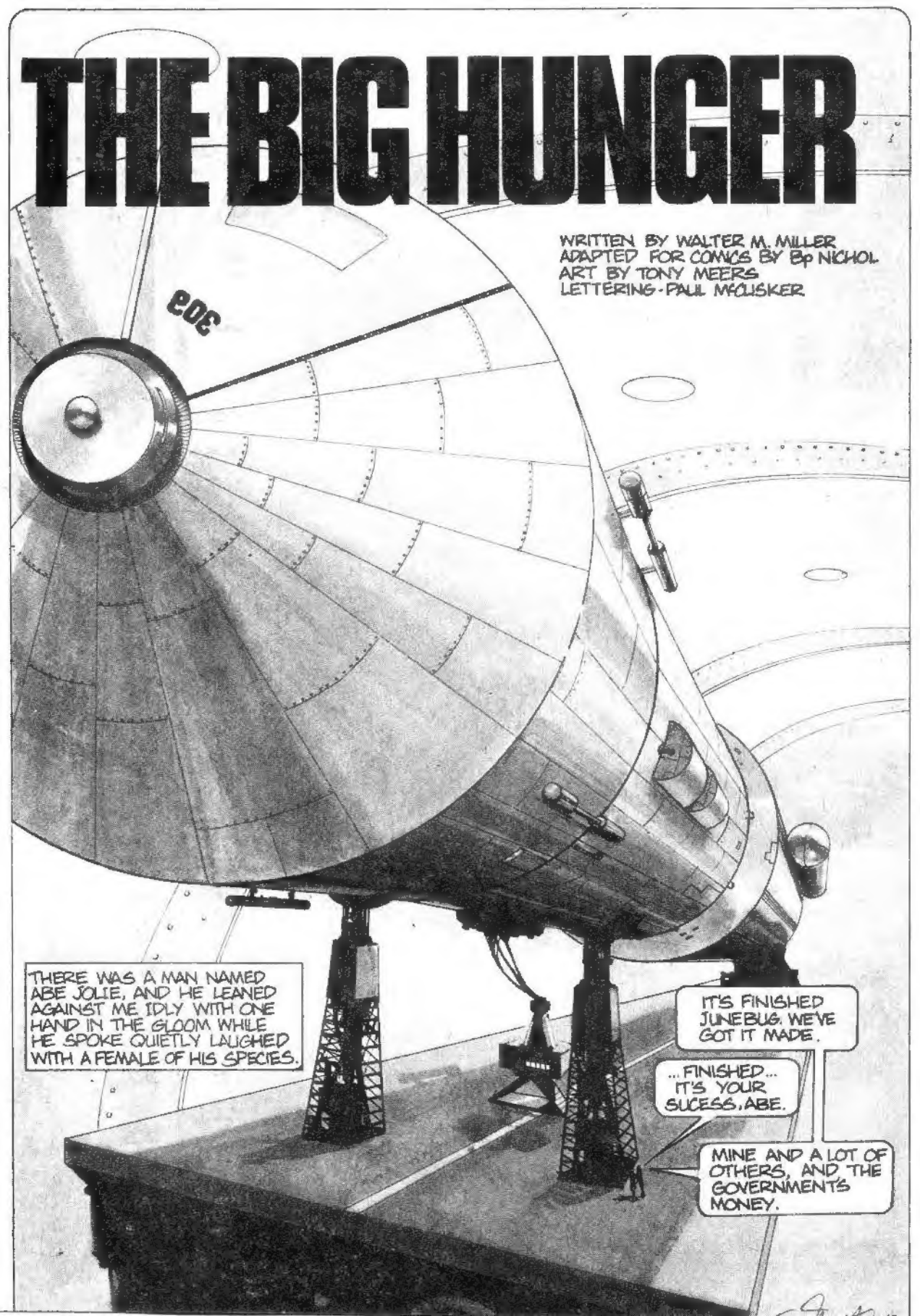

WHEN MY PRINCIPLE IS CLOTHED IN STEEL,
WE GO WANDERING AGAIN.

I AM THE MINSTRAL, WITH MAN THE KING.

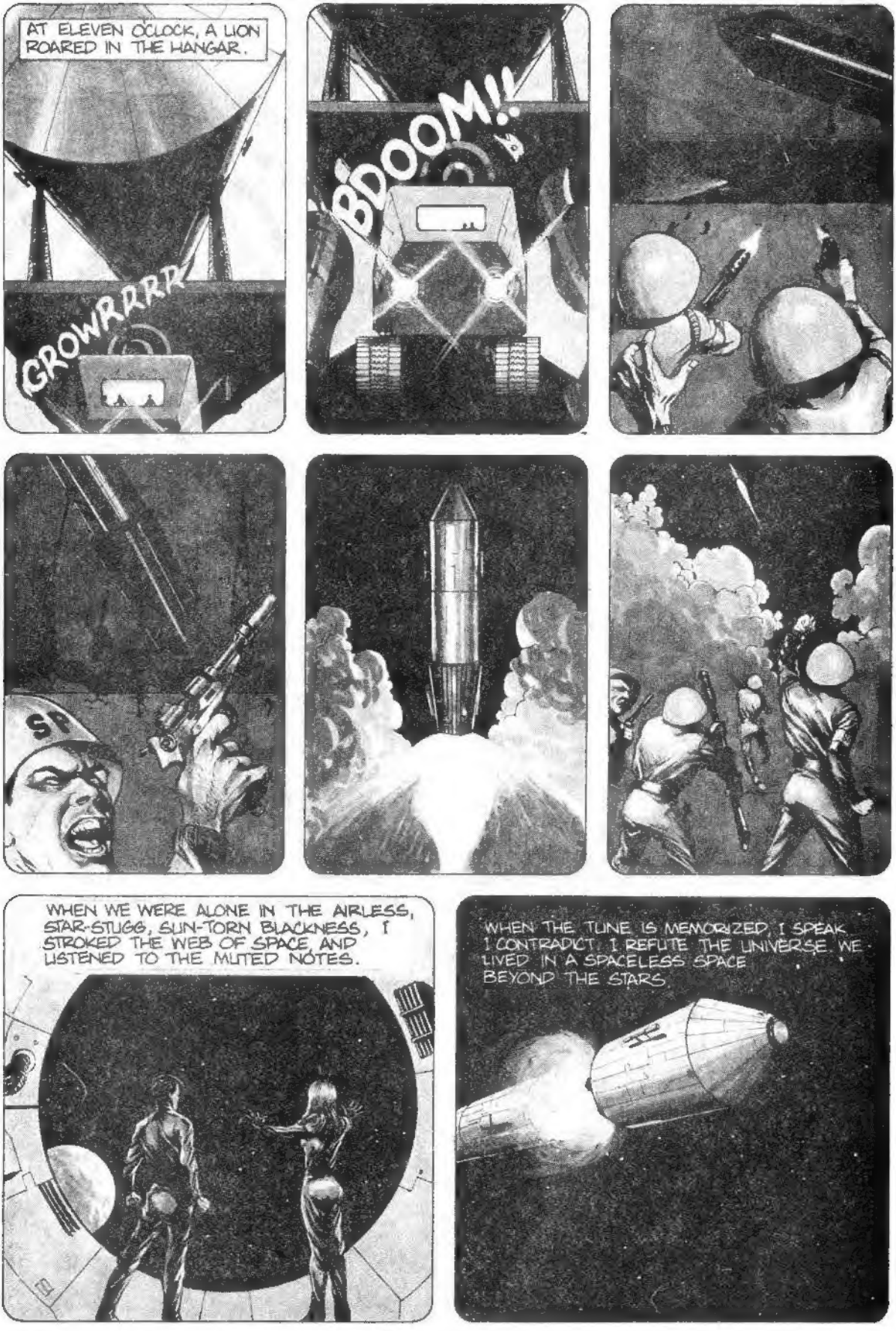
HEAR THE SONG OF HIS HUNGER THE
SONG OF HIS ENDLESS THIRST.

THE BIG HUNGER

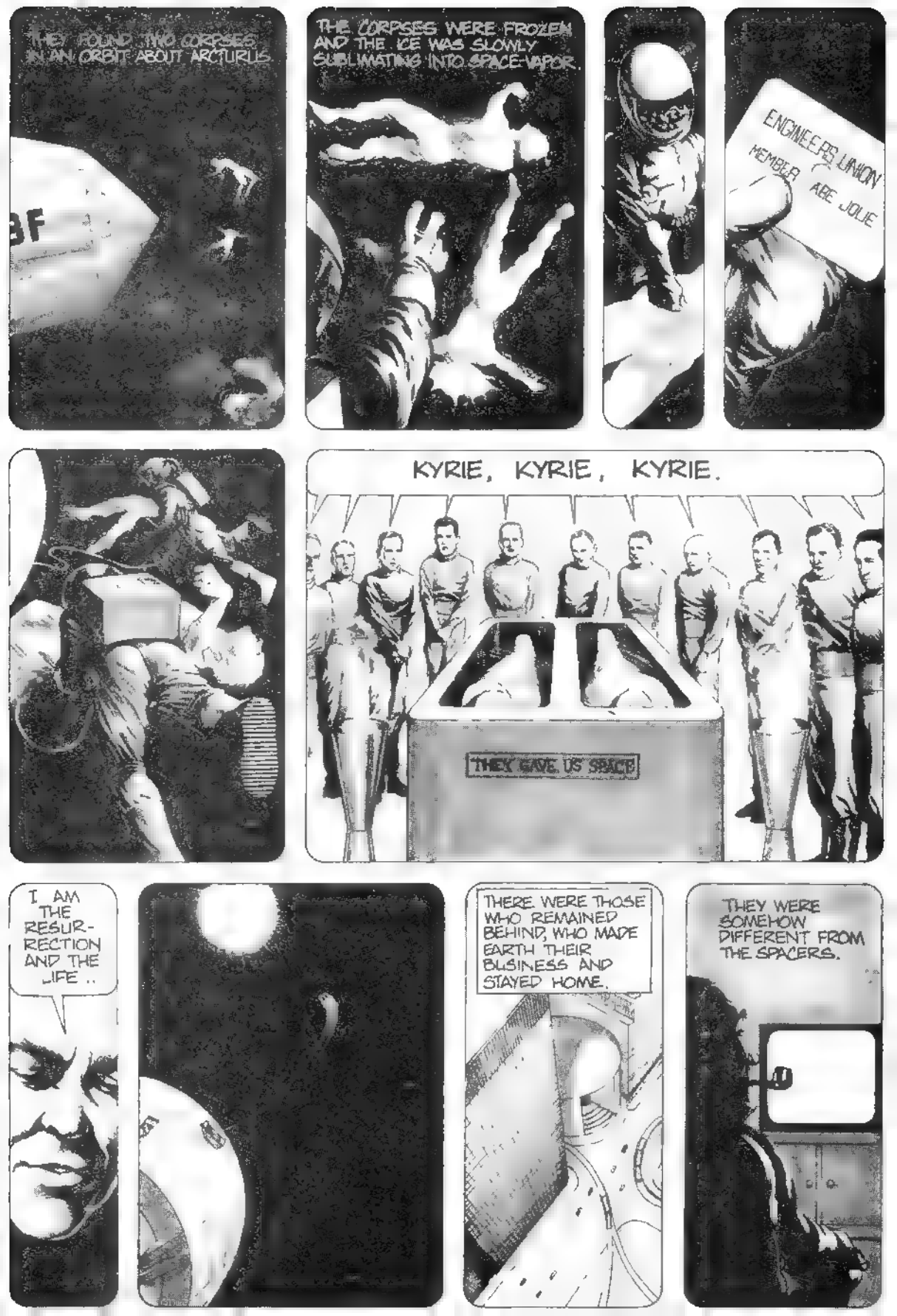
WRITTEN BY WALTER M. MILLER
ADAPTED FOR COMICS BY Bp NICHOL
ART BY TONY MEERS
LETTERING - PAUL MACLISKER


203
THERE WAS A MAN NAMED ABE JOLIE, AND HE LEANED AGAINST ME IDLY WITH ONE HAND IN THE GLOOM WHILE HE SPOKE QUIETLY LAUGHED WITH A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES.
IT'S FINISHED JUNEBUG. WE'VE GOT IT MADE.
...FINISHED... IT'S YOUR SUCESS, ABE.
MINE AND A LOT OF OTHERS, AND THE GOVERNMENTS MONEY.

LET'S STEAL IT AND RUN AWAY.
SSSHH.
THEY CAN SHOOT YOU FOR LESS THAN THAT. THE S.P. DOESN'T HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR.
ABE -
WHAT?
KISS ME.
WHEN IS THAT GOING TO BE ILLEGAL TOO.
AS SOON AS THE EUGENIC LAWS ARE PASSED, ABE. ABE JOLIE, WHO BUILT THE SPACEDRIVE...
A GENETIC UNDESIRABLE.
DON'T
WELL,
MEET ME HERE AT ELEVEN OCLOCK, JUNEBUG.


AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A LION ROARED IN THE HANGAR.
GROWRRRR
BDOOM!!
SF
WHEN WE WERE ALONE IN THE AIRLESS, STAR-STUGG, SUN-TORN BLACKNESS, I STROKED THE WEB OF SPACE AND LISTENED TO THE MUTED NOTES.
WHEN THE TUNE IS MEMORIZED, I SPEAK I CONTRADICT I REFUTE THE UNIVERSE. WE LIVED IN A SPACELESS SPACE BEYOND THE STARS.

THE MAN AND WOMAN HAD GONE. BUT THE PLAN REMAINED ON EARTH.
MY PRINCIPLE REMAINED ON THE DRAWING BOARDS, AND IN THE DREAMS OF MEN.
STOP THE LIBERAL GIVEAWAY!!
GIVE US THE BIG FREEDOM GIVE US SPACE!
END WAR!
THE POD OF EARTH OPENED, SCATTERED ITS SEED SPACEWARD. IT WAS THE TIME OF THE GREAT BURSTING, THE GREAT BIRTH-GIVING. THE WORLD SEETHED, AND EMPIRES TOPPLED, AND NEW EMPIRES AROSE WHOSE PURPOSE IT WAS TO BUILD THE SKY-CHARIOTS.
THEY BUILT MEAGAN, THESE PALE PROUD BIPEDS, THESE CHILDREN OF AN APE-PRINCE WHO WALKED LIKE A GOD.
YOUNG MEN, YOUNG WOMEN, CLAMOURED AT THE GATES OF LAUNCHING FIELDS, AND THEY CLIMBED ABOARD IN THRONGS AND DESERTED EARTH. MAN WAS A STARWARD WIND, A MUSTARD SEED, A WISP OF BRAHMA'S BREATH BREATHED ACROSS SPACE.


THEY FOUND TWO CORPSES IN AN ORBIT ABOUT ARCTURUS.
THE CORPSES WERE FROZEN AND THE ICE WAS SLOWLY SUBLIMATING INTO SPACE-VAPOR.
ENGINEERS UNION
MEMBER
ABE JOLIE
KYRIE, KYRIE, KYRIE.
THEY GAVE US SPACE!
I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE..
THERE WERE THOSE WHO REMAINED BEHIND, WHO MADE EARTH THEIR BUSINESS AND STAYED HOME.
THEY WERE SOMEHOW DIFFERENT FROM THE SPACERS.

EVENTUALLY THEY ABOLISHED GOVERNMENT
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANYONE'S MEMORY, THERE WAS PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.
MY MASTER WAS HUNGRY FOR LAND. MY MASTER SOUGHT NEW WORLDS AND WE FOUND ONE NEAR A YELLOW SUN IN SERPENS CALLED 27 LAMBDA.
WE CAME DOWN ON TONGUES OF LIGHTNING FROM THE CLEAR SKY.
TO SET JET-FIRES IN THE GRASSY PLAIN NEAR A RIVER
MAN WAS A SEED REPLANTED
HOUSES OF LOG AND STONE GREW UP ON THE HILLSIDES..
.. AND CRUMBLED SLOWLY INTO RUIN.
I LAY RUSTING IN THE RAIN.
A MAN WEARING A FUR ROBE CAME AND BUILT AN ALTAR AT MY FEET.
HE BURNT HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER ON IT WHILE HE SANG A BATTLE SONG AND DANCED A VICTORY UNDER A STRANGE SKY.
THE SONS OF MEN MOLDED CLAY AND CHIPPED ARROWHEADS, AND THE OLD MEN TOLD THEM STORIES OF A SPACE-GOING GOD, AND THE STORIES BECAME THEIR LEGENDS.

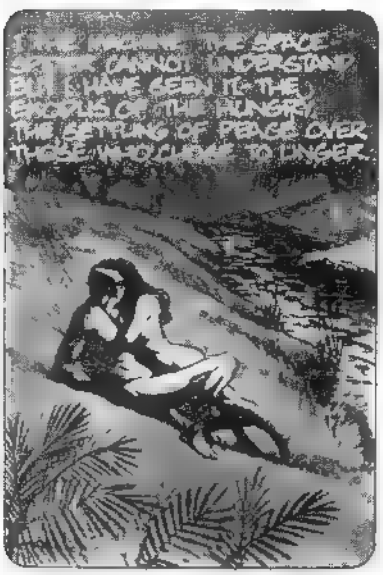
A GLACIER CAME AND GROUND ME INTO DUST. MILLENIUMS PASSED AND EACH PROPHET HAD HIS HAZAR
ONE OF THE PROPHETS WROTE AN ENERGY EQUATION
MEN CRUCIFIED AN AGITATOR ON A TELEPHONE POLE
THEY REFASHIONED A BODY FOR MY LIFE PRINCIPLE FOR THE TENSOR TRANSFORMERS THAT CONSTITUTE MY SOUL
MEN DEPARTED FOR OTHER STARS, BUT AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS MANY REMAINED ON THE PLANET OF THEIR BIRTH
WHEN THE RESTLESS ONES WERE GONE THE PARLIMENTS VOTED THEMSELVES OUT OF EXISTANCE.
THERE WAS PEACE ON THE THIRD PLANET OF 27 LAMBDA SERPENTIS
THEY MADE LOVE AND STUDIED SOCIOLOGY UNDER A FRIENDLY SUN UNDER A PLEASANT BLUE SKY FOREVER.
ON THE ROAD AROUND SPACE, MY MASTER LINGERED FOR LAND
AND THERE WAS A YELLOW SUN IN THE REGION OF THE SCORPION THEY NAMED BA'LAGAN. A LITTLE SOUTH OF THE SERPENS, A LITTLE NEARER THE GALACTIC NUCLEUS. THEY NAMED ITS PLANETS, ALBRASSA AND NYNET AND THEY WERE TWINS.

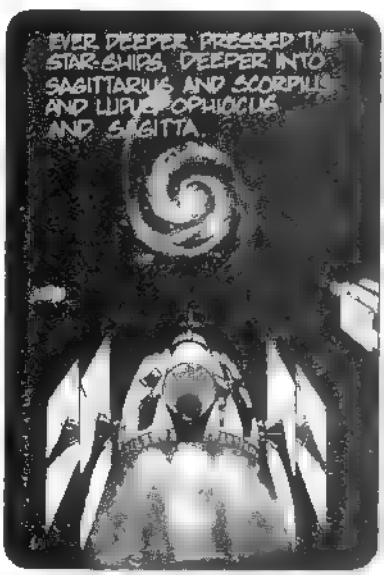
ALBRASSA WAS ALREADY POPULATED BY A CLAN OF HAIRY INTELLECTUALS WHO LIKED THE FLAVOR OF MAN-FLESH
MAN CAME DOWN ON SKY LIGHTNING TO WALK ON THE LAND AND OWN IT
I LAY RUSTING IN THE RAIN.
MAN TAUGHT HIS GRANDSON TO HAMMER VIRGIN COPPER INTO A VICIOUS BATTLE-AX
AND THE MYSTIC RECIPE FOR ROASTING A HAIRY INTELLECTUAL.
MAN'S GRANDSON WAXED STRONG AND MALICIOUS. HE COMMITTED GENOCIDE ON THE FURRY NATIVES.
HE BUTCHERED AN OLD MAN WHO MADE THE SILLY SUGGESTION THEY SACRIFICE A HEALTHY YOUNG VIRGIN TO THEIR GOD.
MAN ASSURED HIMSELF THAT HE WAS THE CHOSEN CHILD OF THE MOST HIGH. CENTURIES WANDERED BY AND THERE WAS A WAR WITH NYNFI BETWEEN THE WORLDS.
AND ROCKETS WAVED SKYWARD BEARING MY BODY AND THE BODIES OF MY MASTERS AND MEN WERE STEEL-JACKETED MOTES OF FLESH SCURRYING AMONG THE STARS. THEIR EYES ... HERCULES AND THE FAR DISTANT GLOBULAR CLUSTERS

HE PAUSED AT NU LUPI AND 18 SAGITTEA AND A NAMELESS YELLOW SUN IN WHERE HE MET OPHIUCHUS A NATIVE RACE..
WHO DARED TO BE BIPEDS.
HE CRUSHED THEM QUICKLY.

THERE WERE ALWAYS THOSE WHO REMAINED BEHIND.

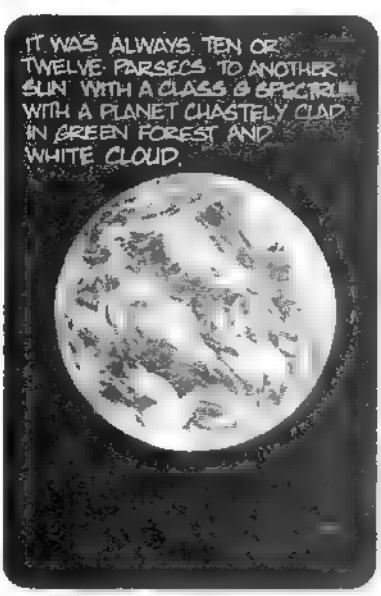
I WATCHED AND SAW THE LUST GO OUT OF THEM, THIS I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD


CANNOT UNDERSTAND BUT I HAVE SEEN IT. THE SCORPIUS OF THE HUNGRY. THE SETTING OF PEACE OVER


EVER DEEPER PRESSED TH STAR-SHIPS, DEEPER INTO SAGITTARIUS AND SCORPIUS AND LUPUS OPHIUCUS AND SAGITTA.

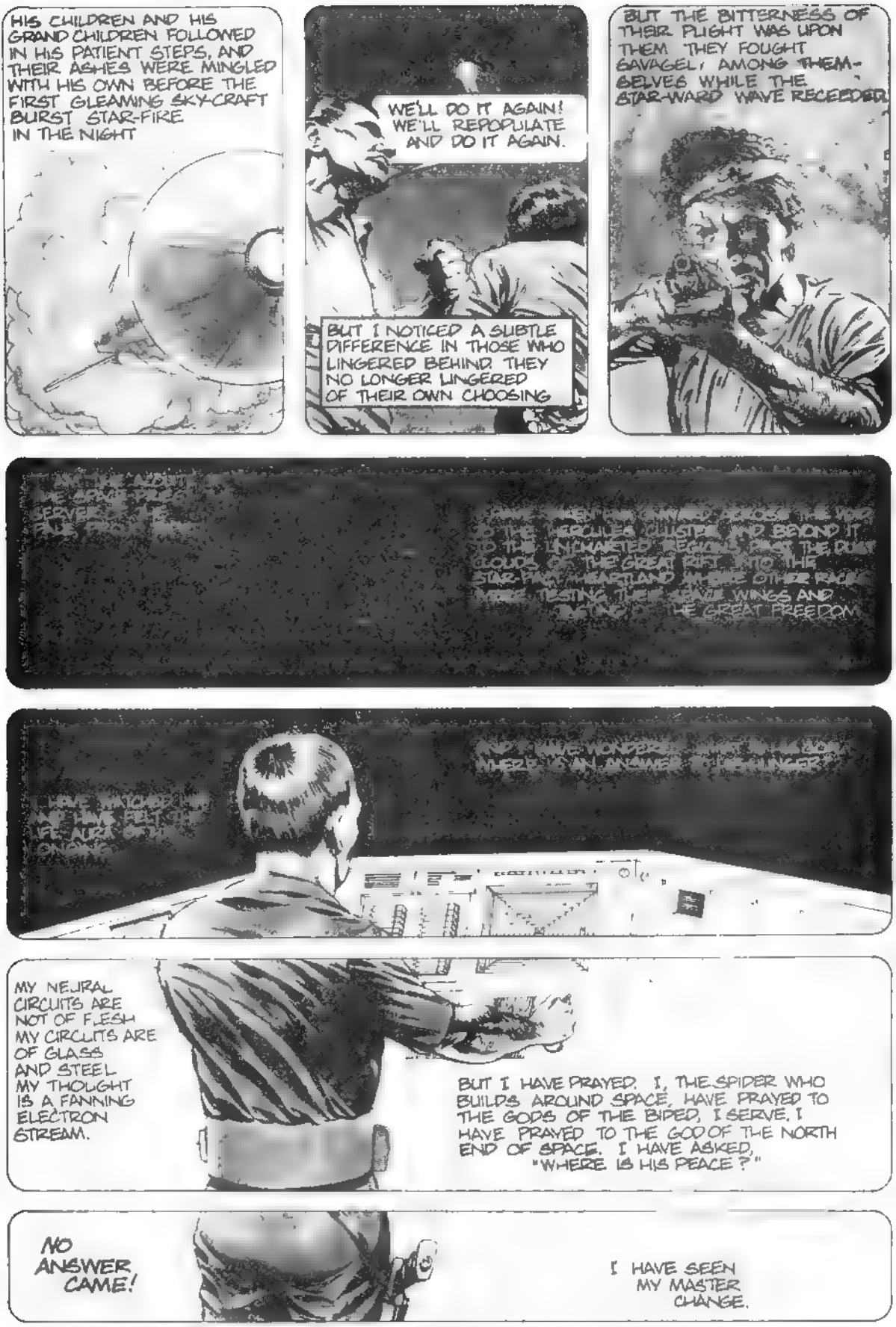
NOW AND THEN THEY PAUSED TO COLONIZE AND CONQUER. ONCE MORE. THEY DARTED HEAVENWARD, LEAVING RELUCTANT BROTHERS IN PEACE.

THEY WROTE A SONG CALLED "TEN PARSECS TO PARADISE" AND SANG IT AS IF THEY BELIEVED IT THIS I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD.


IT WAS ALWAYS TEN OR TWELVE PARSECS TO ANOTHER SUN WITH A CLASS G SPECTRUM WITH A PLANET CHASTELY CLAD IN GREEN FOREST AND WHITE CLOUD.

HE HAD FORGOTTEN EARTH, THIS OLD MAN, BUT HE KNEW THE STAR-GOING CYCLE
HE KNEW THESE THINGS BECAUSE MAN HAD LEARNED TO KEEP A LITTLE OF THE PAST INTACT.
BUT THE OLD MAN WAS SAD. WHY MUST HIS SEED FLING ITSELF STARWARD? HE KNEW THAT IT MUST - BUT HE LACKED A REASON.
GRAMPS GOT STAR-CRAZE! LOOK AT GRAMP MENTING! NYAHH!
GRAMPS GOT STAR-CRAZE!
WHAT WEIGHTY MATTER WORRIES YOU, NARI?
WHY IS THERE STAR-CRAZE GRAMP?
WHY ARE THERE MEN TO FEEL IT?
I ONLY KNOW WHAT THE PRIEST SAY NARI THEY SAY THAT MAN ONCE OWNED A PARADISE PLANET, AND THAT HE RAN AWAY IN SEARCH OF A BETTER ONE.
THEY SAY HE MADE THE LORD BION ANGRY AND THE LORD HID THE PARADISE.

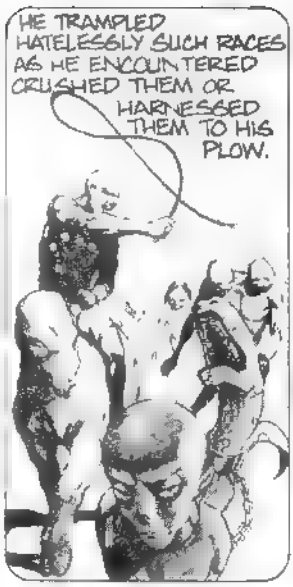
AND CONDEMNED MAN TO WANDER FOREVER, TOUCHED HIS HEART WITH ETERNAL HUNGER FOR THE PLACE HE LOST
WILL PEOPLE FIND IT AGAIN GRAMP?
NEVER- SO THE PRIEST SAY THE HUNGER IS ON HIM NARI
IT ISN'T FAIR.
WHAT ISN'T MY CHILD?
'TAR CRAZE
LAST NIGHT I SAW A LADY CRYING SHE WAS JUST STANDING THERE CRYING AT THE SKY
WHERE?
ON THE STREET WAITING FOR A MOTOR-BUS
HOW OLD WAS SHE?
IT WAS KIND OF DARK.
I'LL BET SHE WASN'T OVER FOURTEEN
WON'T I GET TO GO?
NOT EVER, NARI.
THE OLD MAN GREW OLDER AND DIED PEACEFULLY AND HIS ASHES WERE SCATTERED ACROSS THE FIELDS HE HAD TILLED SINCE BOYHOOD.


HIS CHILDREN AND HIS GRAND CHILDREN FOLLOWED IN HIS PATIENT STEPS, AND THEIR ASHES WERE MINGLED WITH HIS OWN BEFORE THE FIRST GLEAMING SKY-CRAFT BURST STAR-FIRE IN THE NIGHT
WE'LL DO IT AGAIN! WE'LL REPOPULATE AND DO IT AGAIN.
BUT I NOTICED A SUBTLE DIFFERENCE IN THOSE WHO LINGERED BEHIND. THEY NO LONGER LINGERED OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING
BUT THE BITTERNESS OF THEIR PLIGHT WAS UPON THEM. THEY FOUGHT SAVAGELY AMONG THEMSELVES WHILE THE STAR-WARD WAVE RECEDED.
MY NEURAL CIRCUITS ARE NOT OF FLESH MY CIRCUITS ARE OF GLASS AND STEEL. MY THOUGHT IS A FANNING ELECTRON STREAM.
BUT I HAVE PRAYED. I, THE SPIDER WHO BUILDS AROUND SPACE, HAVE PRAYED TO THE GODS OF THE BIPED, I SERVE. I HAVE PRAYED TO THE GOD OF THE NORTH END OF SPACE. I HAVE ASKED, "WHERE IS HIS PEACE?"
NO ANSWER CAME!
I HAVE SEEN MY MASTER CHANGE.

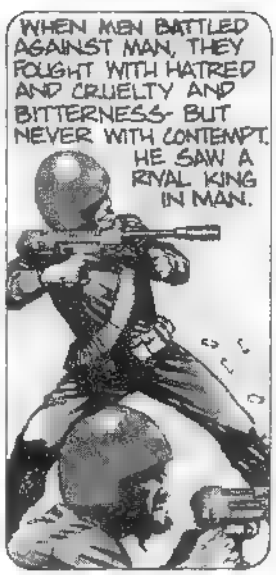
THE BIPED WAS HUNGER ACROSS THE GALAXY. THE BIPED WAS A SWIFT AND STEEL-CLAD SPEAR HURTLING RUTHLESSLY ONWARD.

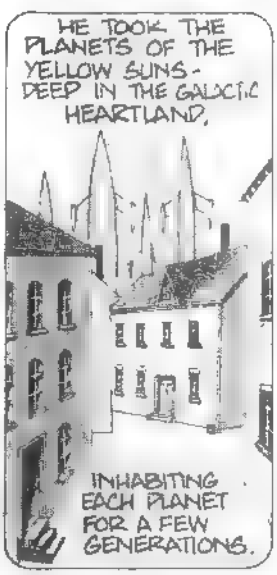
HE MADE NO FRIENDS FOR HE CAME AS A BEING WHO OWNED THE STARS, AND HE TOOK WHAT HE WANTED ALONG THE WAY.

HE LEFT HIS SEED TO GROW ANEW, A CREATURE OF FIERCE PRIDE AND FIERCER LONGING


HE TRAMPLED HATELESSLY SUCH RACES AS HE ENCOUNTERED CRUSHED THEM OR HARNESSED THEM TO HIS PLOW.

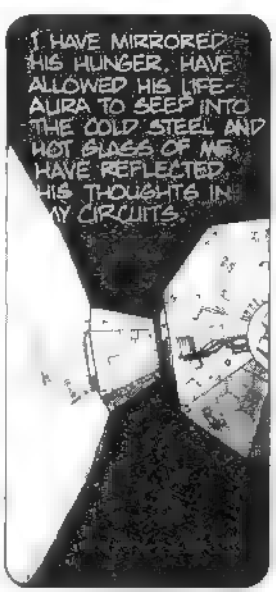
HE SOMETIMES FOUGHT AGAINST HIS OWN RACE
MEN WHO HAD TRAVELLED OTHER ROUTES TO THE GALACTIC HEARTLAND.

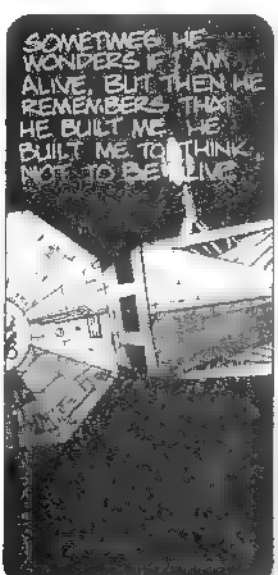

WHEN MEN BATTLED AGAINST MAN, THEY FOUGHT WITH HATRED AND CRUELTY AND BITTERNESS- BUT NEVER WITH CONTEMPT. HE SAW A RIVAL KING IN MAN.

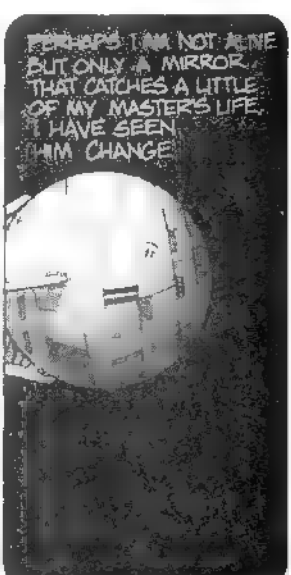

HE TOOK THE PLANETS OF THE YELLOW SUNS - DEEP IN THE GALACTIC HEARTLAND,
INHABITING EACH PLANET FOR A FEW GENERATIONS.

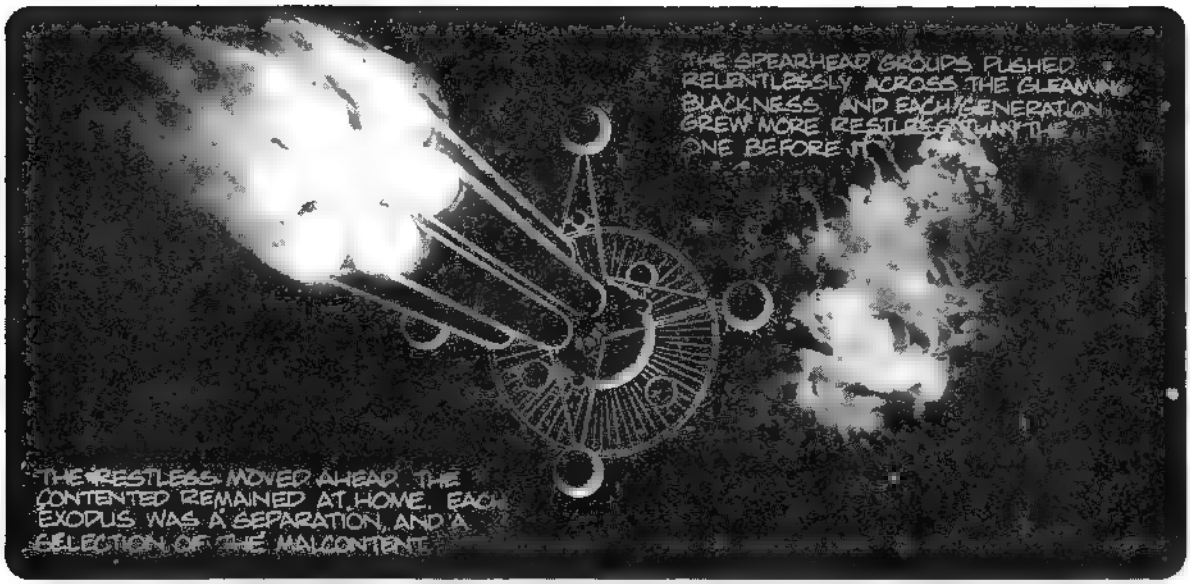
THEY REPOPULATED AFTER AN EXODUS, REBUILT, LAUNCHED A SECOND FLIGHT, AND A THIRD, UNTIL THOSE WHO

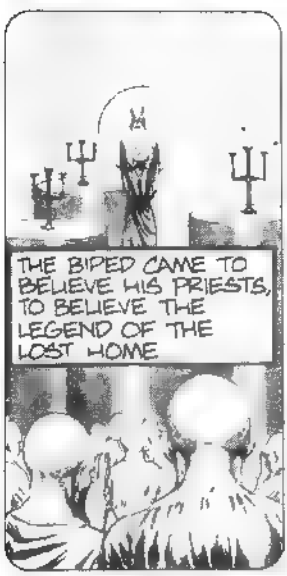
MY MASTER IS THE NOMAD, TALL AND GAUNT. MY MASTER GRITS HIS TEETH IN STARING AT THE STARS, AND HIS EYES GO NARROW AND MOIST.

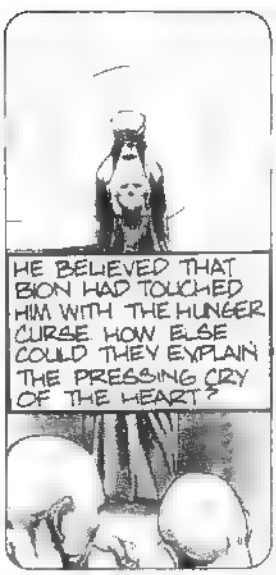

I HAVE MIRRORED HIS HUNGER. HAVE ALLOWED HIS LIFE-AURA TO SEEP INTO THE COLD STEEL AND HOT SLAGS OF ME. HAVE REFLECTED HIS THOUGHTS IN MY CIRCUITS.


SOMETIMES HE WONDERS IF I AM ALIVE, BUT THEN HE REMEMBERS THAT HE BUILT ME. HE BUILT ME TO THINK, NOT TO BE LIVE.


PERHAPS I AM NOT ALIVE BUT ONLY A MIRROR THAT CATCHES A LITTLE OF MY MASTER'S LIFE. I HAVE SEEN HIM CHANGE


THE SPEARHEAD GROUPS PUSHED RELENTLESSLY ACROSS THE GLEAMING BLACKNESS, AND EACH GENERATION GREW MORE RESTLESS THAN THE ONE BEFORE IT.
THE RESTLESS MOVED AHEAD. THE CONTENTED REMAINED AT HOME. EACH EXODUS WAS A SEPARATION, AND A SELECTION OF THE MALCONTENT.


THE BIPED CAME TO BELIEVE HIS PRIESTS, TO BELIEVE THE LEGEND OF THE LOST HOME.

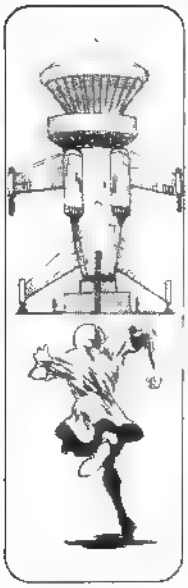

HE BELIEVED THAT BION HAD TOUCHED HIM WITH THE HUNGER CURSE. HOW ELSE COULD THEY EXPLAIN THE PRESSING CRY OF THE HEART?

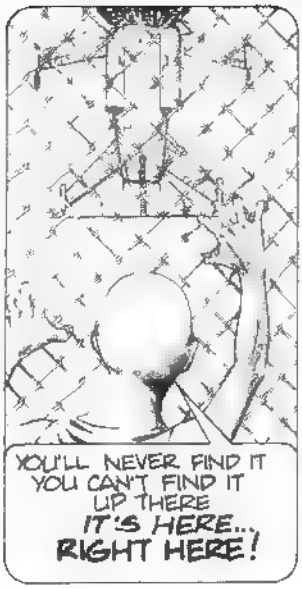
HOW COULD THEY INTERPRET THE CLAMOR OF THE YOUNG THE TEARS EXCEPT AS A DIVINE THIRST.

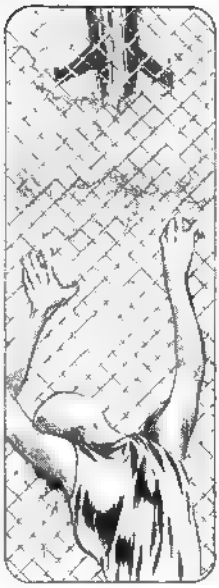
THE STAR-CRAZE
THE ENDLESS SEARCH

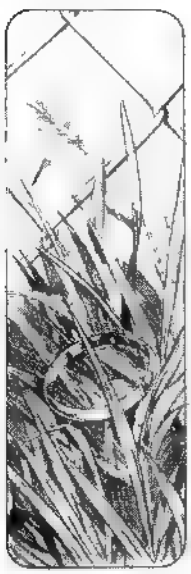
THERE WAS A GREEN PLANET, BEYOND THE HEARTLAND, AND IT WAS RIPE FOR BURSTING ITS HUMAN STAR-SEED.
WE WON'T FIND IT MARKA... WE'LL NEVER FIND IT

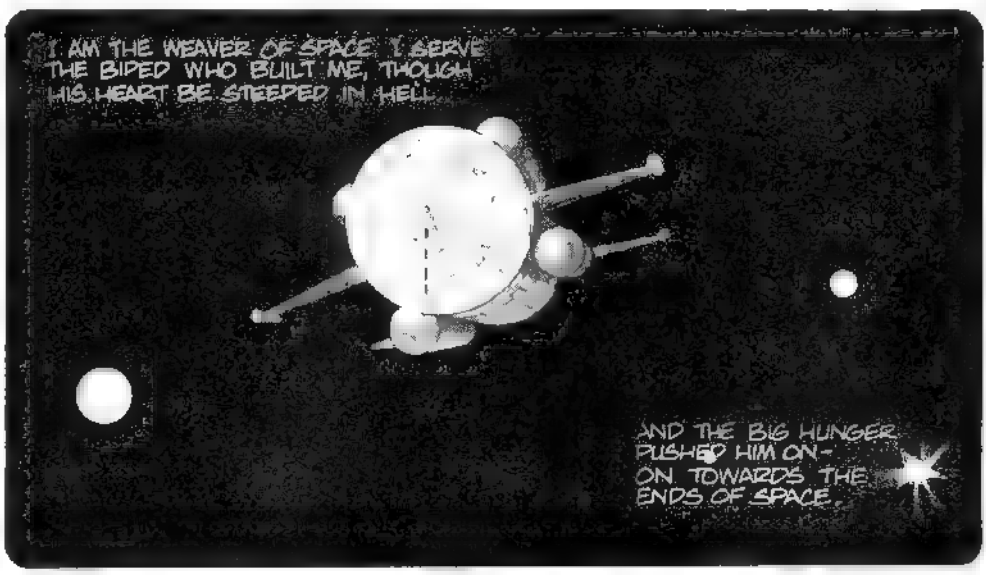
YOU BELIEVE IN THE LEGENDS TERIS?
THE PLANET OF HEAVEN? IT'S UP THERE.
BUT WE CAN NEVER FIND IT.
THEN WHY MUST YOU LOOK
WE ARE DAMNED MARKA.
IT CAN BE FOUND. THE LORD BION PROMISED-
WHERE IS THAT WRITTEN, MARKA?
IN A WOMAN'S HEART.
WHAT DOES THE HEART-WRITING SAY?
IT SAYS WHEN MAN IS CONTENT-WITHOUT HIS LOST PARADISE-WHEN HE RECONCILES HIMSELF-BION WILL FORGIVE AND SHOW US THE ROAD HOME
OURS MARKA THEY'RE OURS.. WE TOOK THEM.
DO YOU WANT THEM?
YOU MAKE ME SICK. YOU'RE A HANGBACKER.
NO!
NO, I WISH I COULD GO! I WANT TO GO, DO YOU HEAR?
I HEAR, BUT YOU CAN'T GO, SO THERE'S NO USE TALKING ABOUT IT. YOU'RE NOT WELL MARKA. THE OTHERS WOULDN'T LET YOU ABOARD.
I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU!



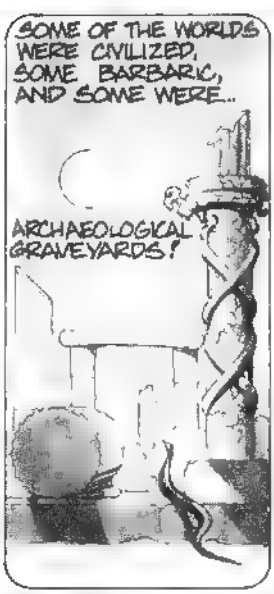

YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT
YOU CAN'T FIND IT
UP THERE
IT'S HERE...
RIGHT HERE!



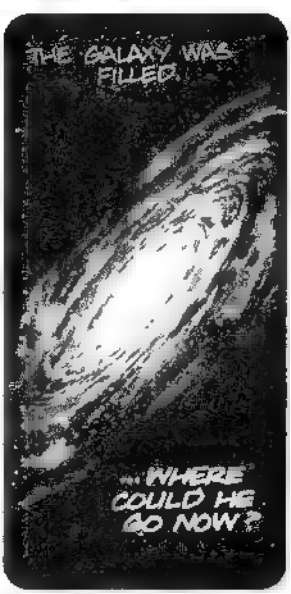



I AM THE WEAVER OF SPACE. I SERVE THE BIPED WHO BUILT ME, THOUGH HIS HEART BE STEEPED IN HELL.
AND THE BIG HUNGER PUSHED HIM ON- ON. TOWARDS THE ENDS OF SPACE.

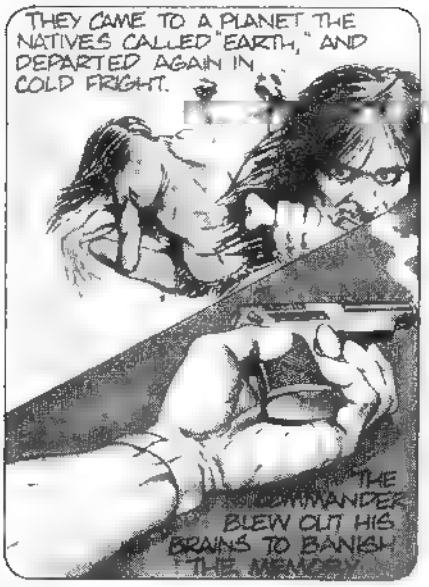
HE ENCOUNTERED WORLDS WHERE HIS ANCESTORS LIVED, AND WHERE HIS PEACEFUL COUSINS STILL DWELT IN SYMBIOSIS WITH THEIR NEIGHBOURS.

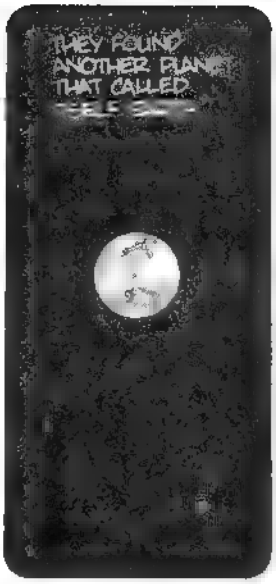

SOME OF THE WORLDS WERE CIVILIZED, SOME BARBARIC, AND SOME WERE...
ARCHAEOLOGICAL GRAVEYARDS!

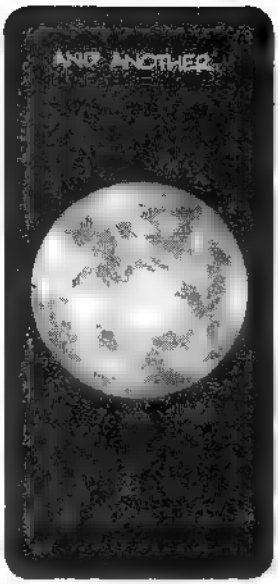
MY NOMADS, THEY WORE HAUNTED FACES AS THEY RE-EXPLORED THE FRINGES OF THE GALAXY WHERE MAN HAS...
WALKED BEFORE.


THE GALAXY WAS FILLED.
...WHERE COULD HE GO NOW?

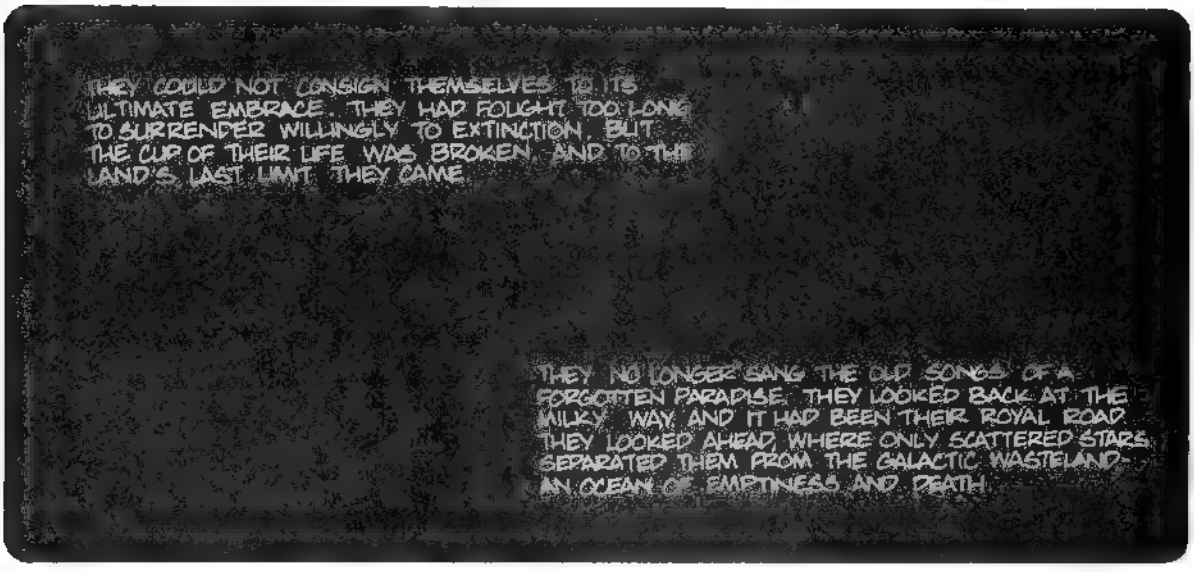
ACROSS THE GREAT EMPTINESS TO THE ANDROMEDA
TOO FAR FOR THE SHIPS TO GO.
OUT TO THE MAGELLANIC CLOUDS
ALREADY VISITED.
HE COULD ONLY PLUNGE AIMLESSLY ON, AND WHEN HE REACHED THE LAST LIMITS OF HIS FIELD--
-LAND!
IF THE NATIVES COULD NOT PROVIDE THE FUEL, HE STAYED, AND TRIED TO PASS ANOTHER CYCLE OF..
STARWARD GROWTH ON THE ALREADY INHABITED WORLD.
BUT A CYCLE WAS SELDOM COMPLETED
THE NOMADS INTERMARRIED WITH THE LOCAL PEOPLE AND BUILT SHIPS FOR ECONOMIC PURPOSES - BUT NEVER FOR THE HYSTERICAL STARWARD SWEEP.
INTERCONTINENTAL ROCKETS


THEY CAME TO A PLANET THE NATIVES CALLED "EARTH," AND DEPARTED AGAIN IN COLD FRIGHT.
THE COMMANDER BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS TO BANISH THE MEMORY.


THEY FOUND ANOTHER PLANET THAT CALLED

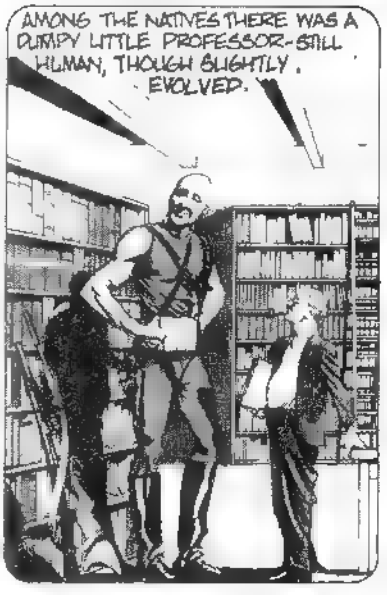

AND ANOTHER.

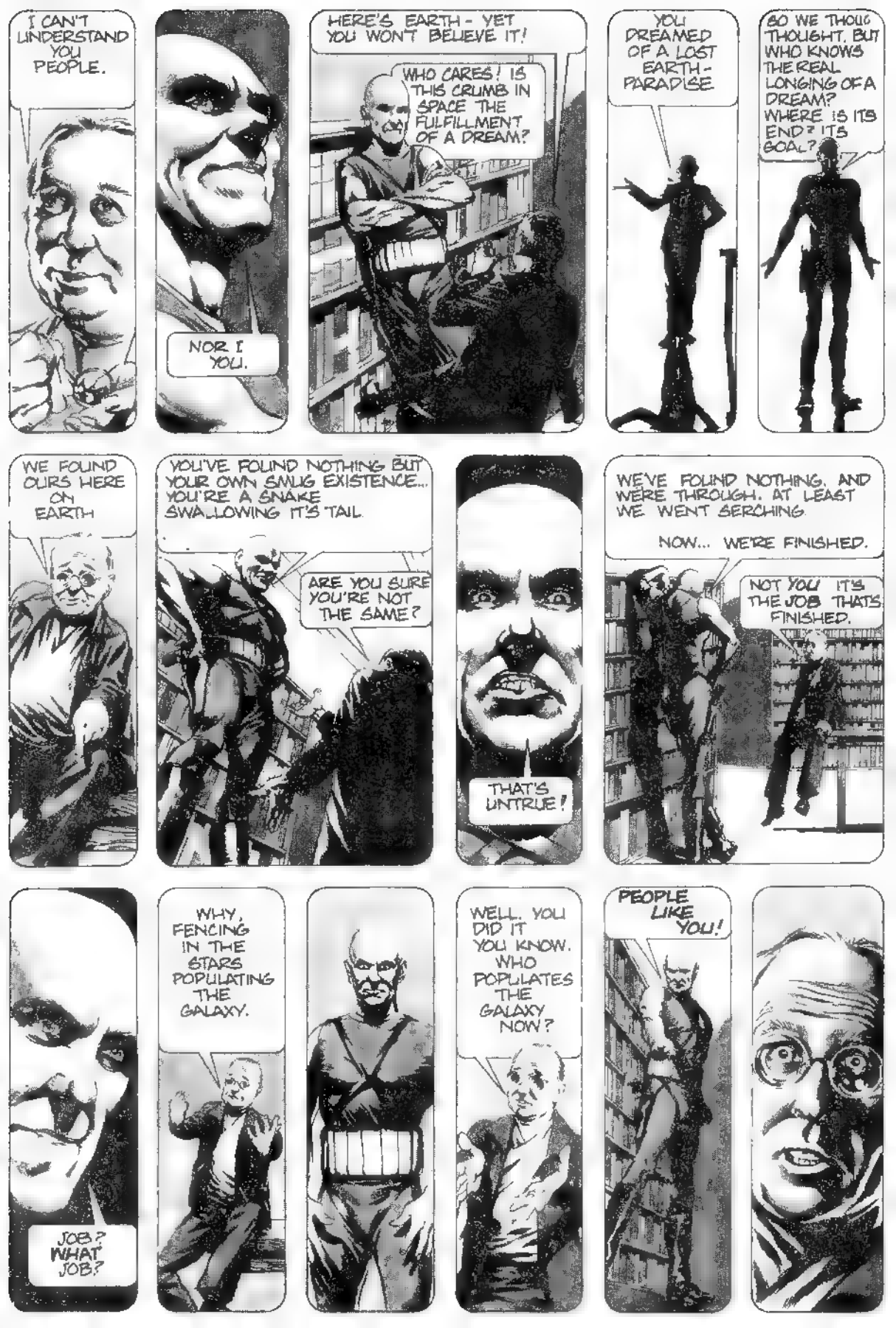
AND ANOTHER!

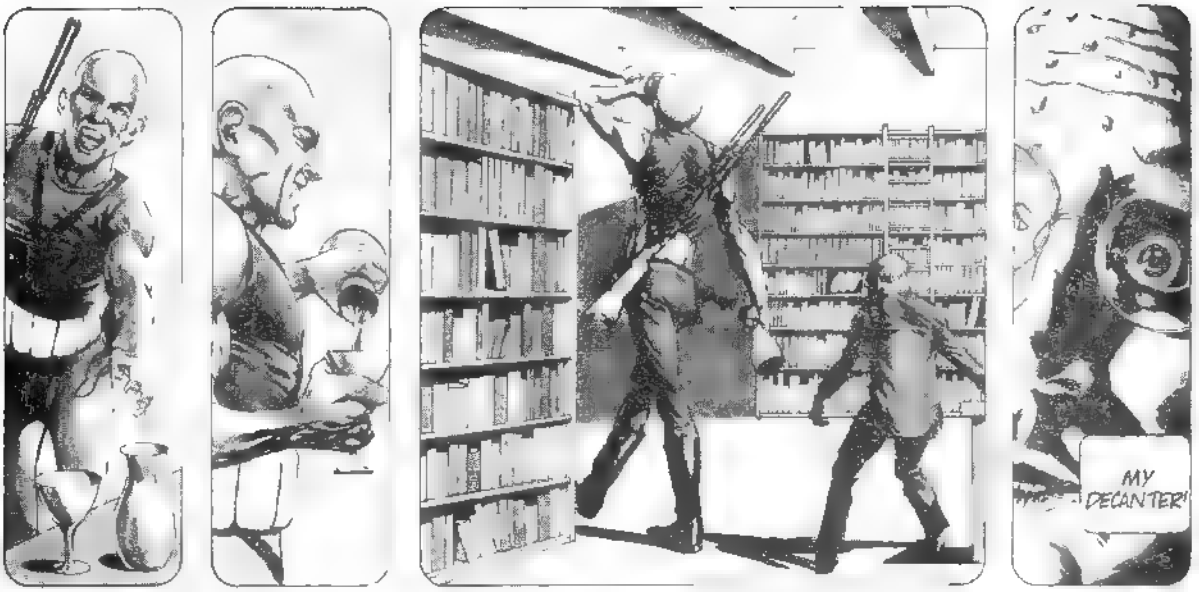

THEY COULD NOT CONSIGN THEMSELVES TO ITS ULTIMATE EMBRACE. THEY HAD FOUGHT TOO LONG TO SURRENDER WILLINGLY TO EXTINCTION, BUT THE CUP OF THEIR LIFE WAS BROKEN AND TO THE LAND'S LAST LIMIT THEY CAME.
THEY NO LONGER SANG THE OLD SONGS OF A FORGOTTEN PARADISE. THEY LOOKED BACK AT THE MILKY WAY AND IT HAD BEEN THEIR ROYAL ROAD. THEY LOOKED AHEAD, WHERE ONLY SCATTERED STARS SEPARATED THEM FROM THE GALACTIC WASTELAND— AN OCEAN OF EMPTINESS AND DEATH.

THEY FOUND A PLANET WITH A SINGLE MOON.

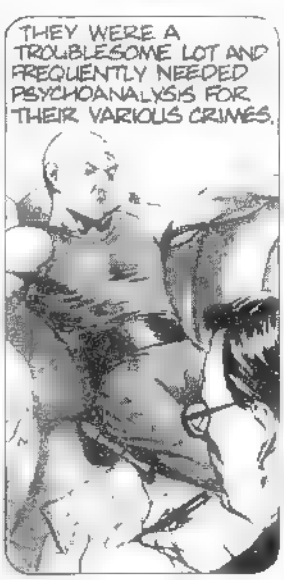
THEY LANDED. THEY SMILED WHEN THE NATIVES CALLED THE PLANET "EARTH." LOTS OF PLANETS CLAIMED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING MAN'S BIRTH-PLACE!


AMONG THE NATIVES THERE WAS A DUMPY LITTLE PROFESSOR—STILL HUMAN, THOUGH SLIGHTLY EVOLVED.


I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU PEOPLE.
NOR I YOU.
HERE'S EARTH - YET YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT!
WHO CARES! IS THIS CRUMB IN SPACE THE FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM?
YOU DREAMED OF A LOST EARTH - PARADISE
SO WE THOUG THOUGHT. BUT WHO KNOWS THE REAL LONGING OF A DREAM? WHERE IS ITS END? ITS GOAL?
WE FOUND OURS HERE ON EARTH
YOU'VE FOUND NOTHING BUT YOUR OWN SNUG EXISTENCE... YOU'RE A SNAKE SWALLOWING IT'S TAIL.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT THE SAME?
THAT'S UNTRUE!
WE'VE FOUND NOTHING, AND WERE THROUGH. AT LEAST WE WENT SERCHING
NOW... WE'RE FINISHED.
NOT YOU IT'S THE JOB THATS FINISHED.
JOB? WHAT JOB?
WHY, FENCING IN THE STARS POPULATING THE GALAXY.
WELL. YOU DID IT YOU KNOW. WHO POPULATES THE GALAXY NOW?
PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

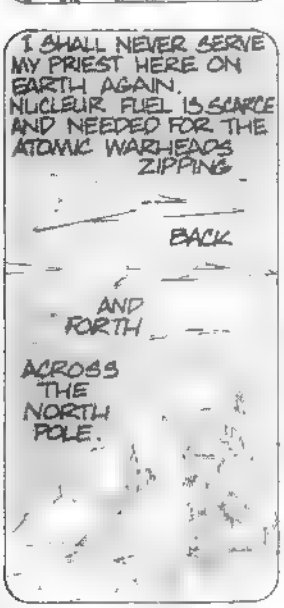

MY DECANTER!

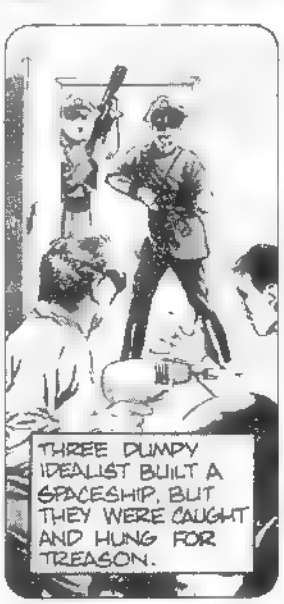
THE NOMADS SETTLED ON THE PLANET FOR LACK OF FUEL, COMPLAINED OF THE CLIMATE AND STEADFASTLY REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT WAS EARTH

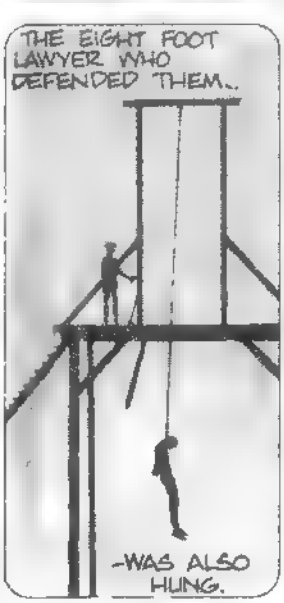

THEY WERE A TROUBLESOME LOT AND FREQUENTLY NEEDED PSYCHOANALYSIS FOR THEIR VARIOUS CRIMES.

A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT WAS SET UP TO DEAL WITH THE PROBLEM THE NOMADS WHO WERE SINGLE KIDNAPPED NATIVE WIVES WHO BEGOT MANY CHILDREN,

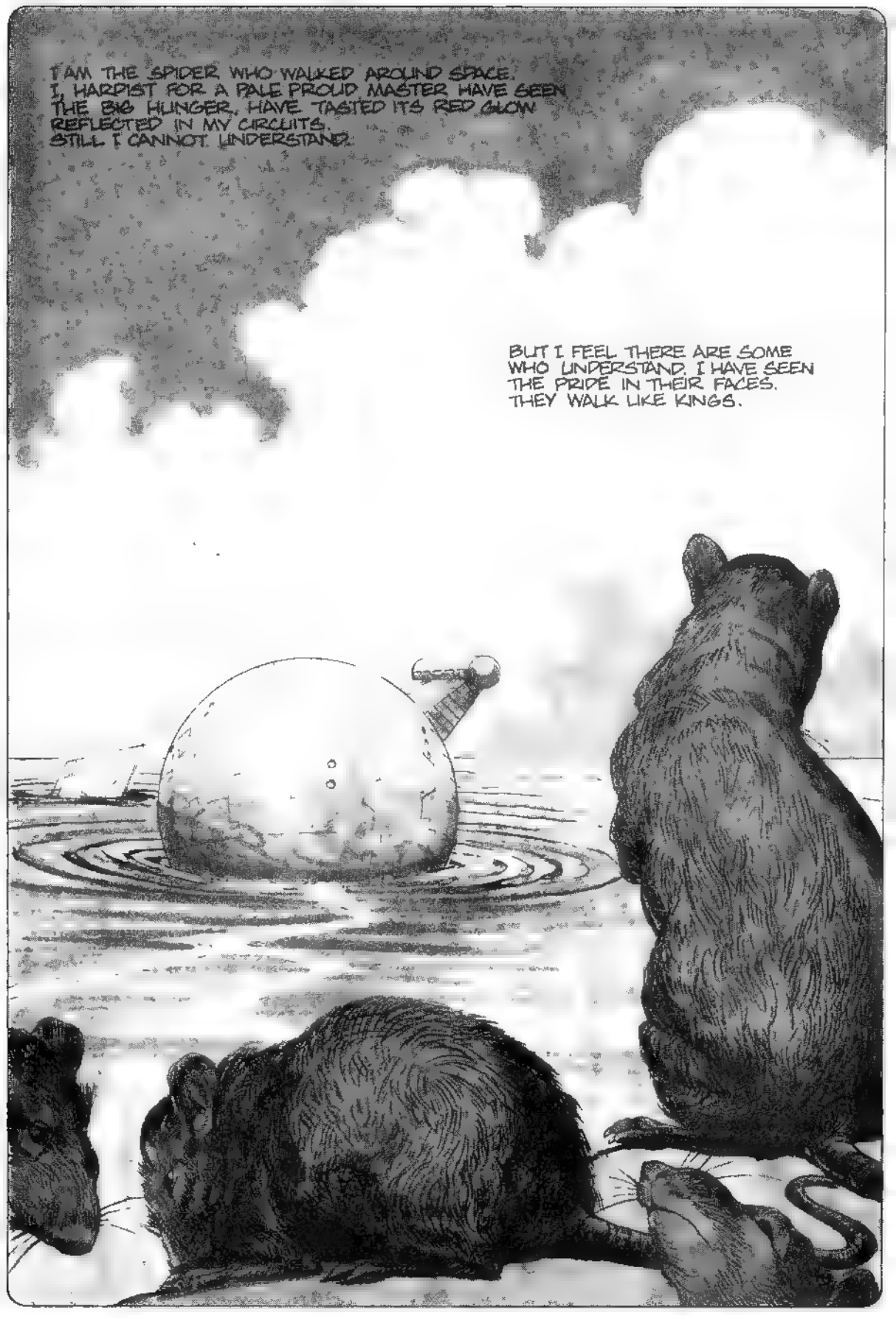
AND A THIRD-GENERATION HYBRID BECAME THE FIRST DICTATOR OF A NORTHERN CONTINENT.


I SHALL NEVER SERVE MY PRIEST HERE ON EARTH AGAIN. NUCLEUR FUEL IS SCARCE AND NEEDED FOR THE ATOMIC WARHEADS ZIPPING BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE NORTH POLE.


THREE DUMPY IDEALIST BUILT A SPACESHIP. BUT THEY WERE CAUGHT AND HUNG FOR TREASON.


THE EIGHT FOOT LAWYER WHO DEFENDED THEM..
-WAS ALSO HUNG.

THE WORLD WEARS A LONG FACE AND THE STARS TWINKLE INVITINGLY BUT FEW MEN LOOK UPWARD NOW.


I AM THE SPIDER WHO WALKED AROUND SPACE.
I, HARPIST FOR A PALE PROUD MASTER, HAVE SEEN THE BIG HUNGER, HAVE TASTED ITS RED GLOW REFLECTED IN MY CIRCUITS.
STILL I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.
BUT I FEEL THERE ARE SOME WHO UNDERSTAND. I HAVE SEEN THE PRIDE IN THEIR FACES. THEY WALK LIKE KINGS.

ARE YOU GOING ON A JOURNEY?
BY PLANE, BY TRAIN OR BY BUS?
OR ARE YOU GOING A LITTLE
BACK IN TIME AND GOING
ON A TROLLEY CAR?
REMEMBER THE TROLLEY?
IT WENT...

KLANG! KLANG!

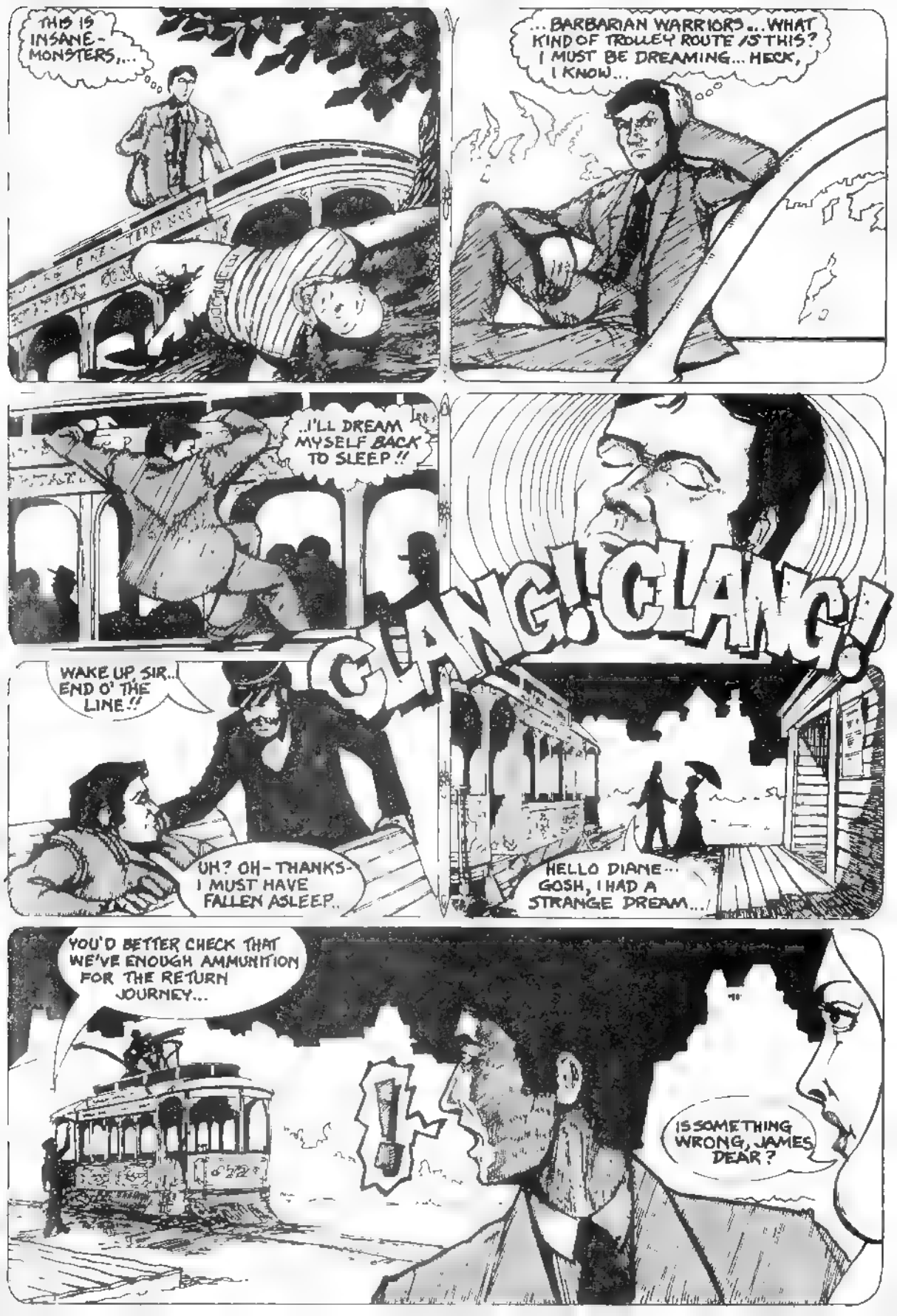
IT IS DUSK AS JAMES PORTER BOARDS
THE NUMBER SEVENTY TWO TROLLEY CAR THAT WILL
TAKE HIM TO HIS FIRST DATE WITH MISS DIANE TRELAWNEY

BUT HE HAD A VERY RUDE AWAKENING FROM HIS SLEEP!!!
RROOARRR!!!
WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOING ON?! WHAT'S MAKING THAT INFERNAL DIN?
THERE MISTER - LOOK!! THERE IT IS!!!

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PORTER CARTER 1976
©1976 PORTER CARTER

THE TROLLEY IS RIDING A WEIRD ROAD IN A WEIRD LANDSCAPE TOWARDS A WEIRD MONSTER
GET BACK YOU SLIMY DEVIL!!
ARGH!!
MISTER-CAN YOU GET UP THERE AND HANDLE THAT GUN??
WELL IF I CAN'T WE'RE LOST AND TO ME—
-WE SEEM TO BE LOST ENOUGH AS IT IS WITHOUT OLD UGLY TO HANDLE AS WELL!!
YAHOO!! GOT HIM!! GOT HIM! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

THIS IS THE ODDEST RIDE I'VE EVER TAKEN!!
WELL DONE LAD! BUS STAY ON GUARD...
UH? NOW WHAT?
TAT-A-TAT

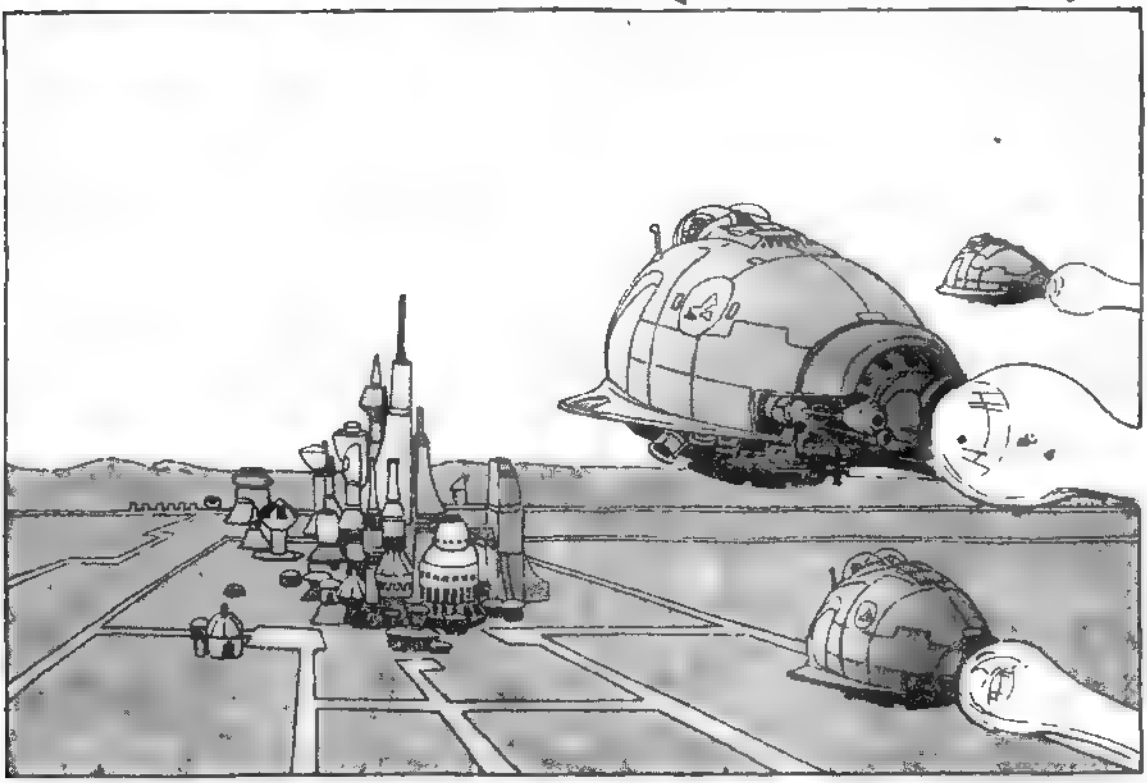

THIS IS INSANE - MONSTERS,...
... BARBARIAN WARRIORS... WHAT KIND OF TROLLEY ROUTE IS THIS? I MUST BE DREAMING... HECK, I KNOW...
..I'LL DREAM MYSELF BACK TO SLEEP!!
CLANG! CLANG!
WAKE UP, SIR.. END O' THE LINE!!
UH? OH - THANKS - I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP..
HELLO DIANE... GOSH, I HAD A STRANGE DREAM...
YOU'D BETTER CHECK THAT WE'VE ENOUGH AMMUNITION FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY...
!
IS SOMETHING WRONG, JAMES DEAR?

VISIT

ONE DULL AFTERNOON IN THE 52ND YEAR OF THE EMPIRE ...

LOOK!! BEAUTIFUL CITY! EVER SEE SUCH BIG, BRIGHT TOWERS?

NACH, NEVER COMMANDER! WE GOING IN?



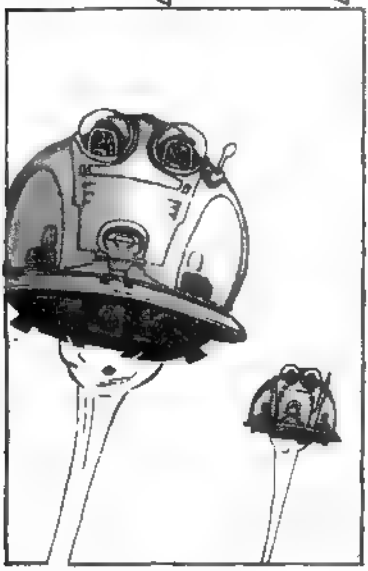
YOUSE BETCHA!! ARM YOUSE CANNONS!

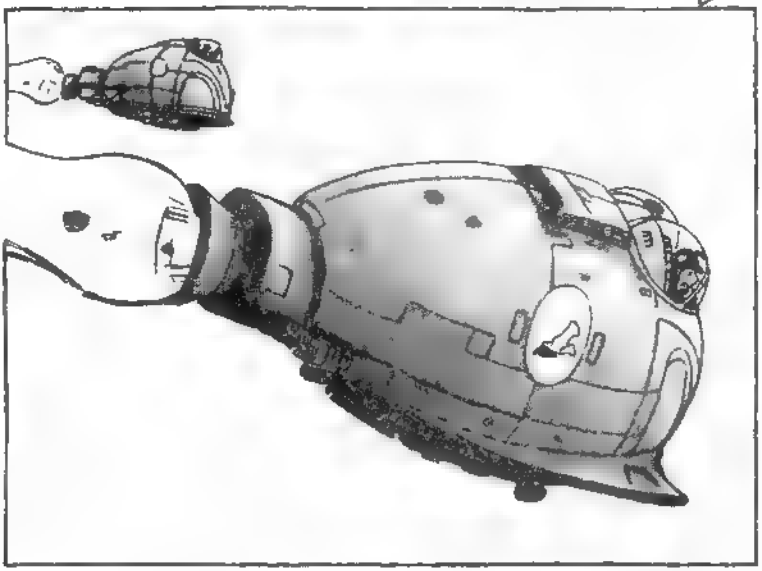
ARMED AN' READY!

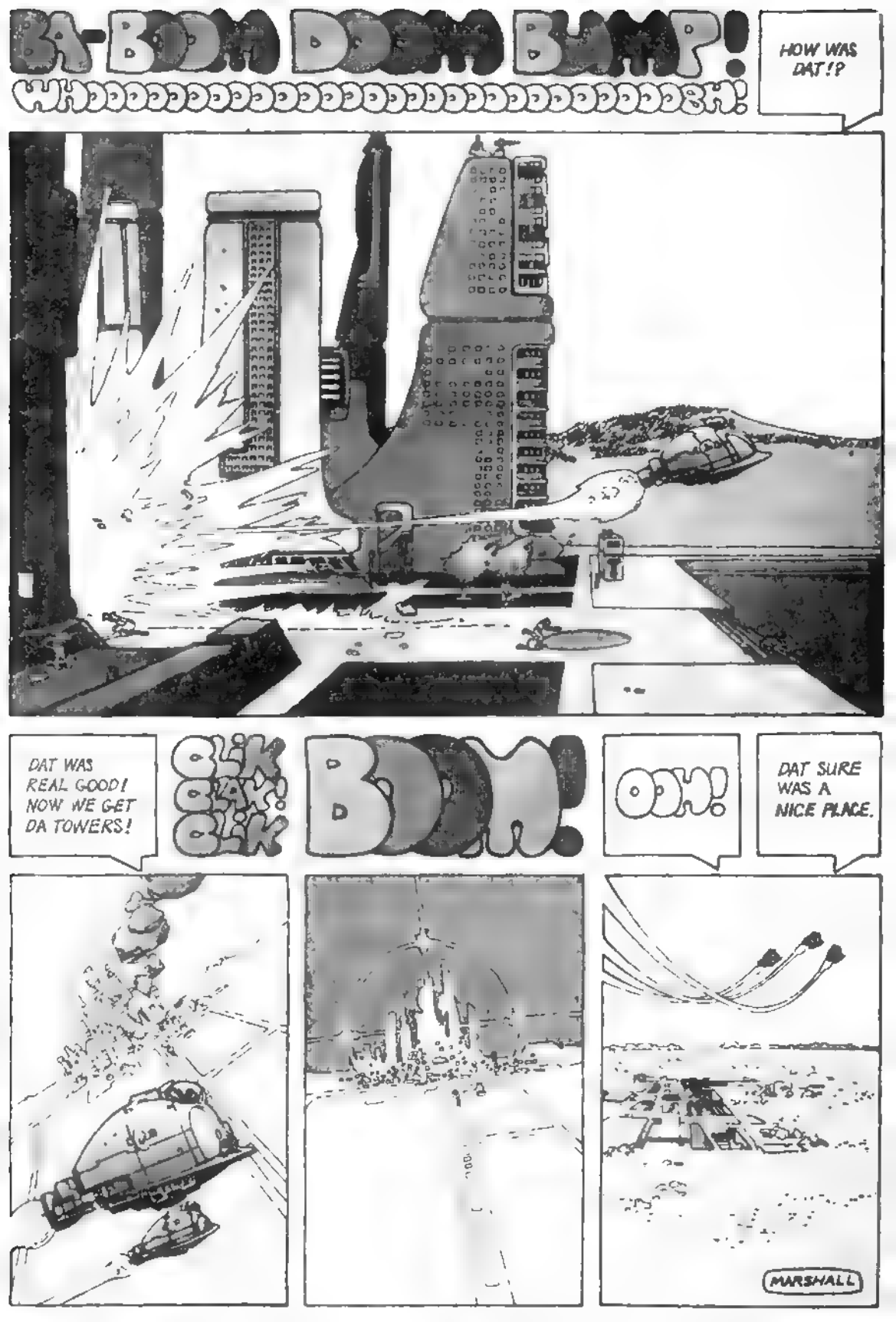
VOOOSH!!

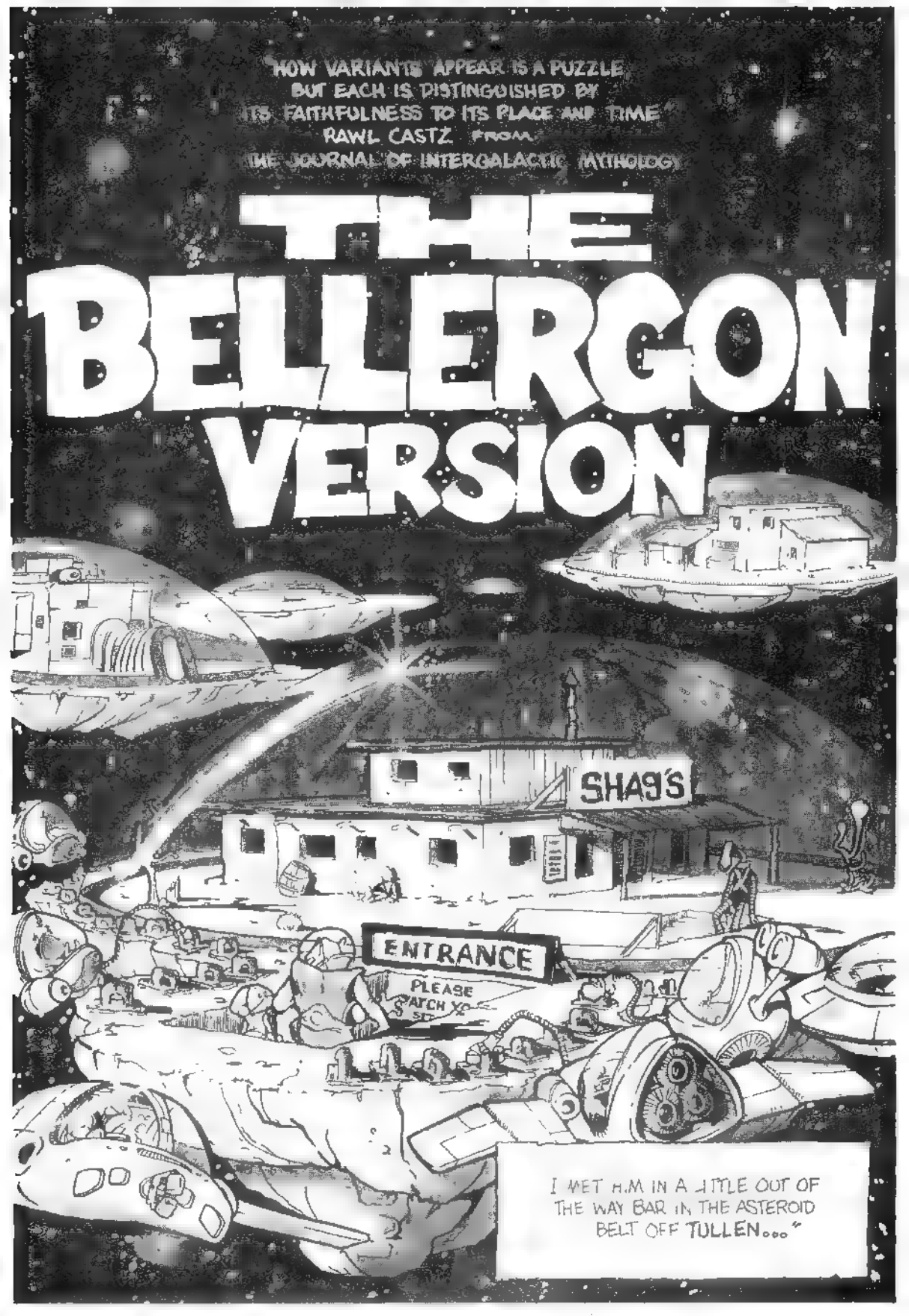
RUM RUM RUM RUM

HA! HA!! HERE WE GO!!





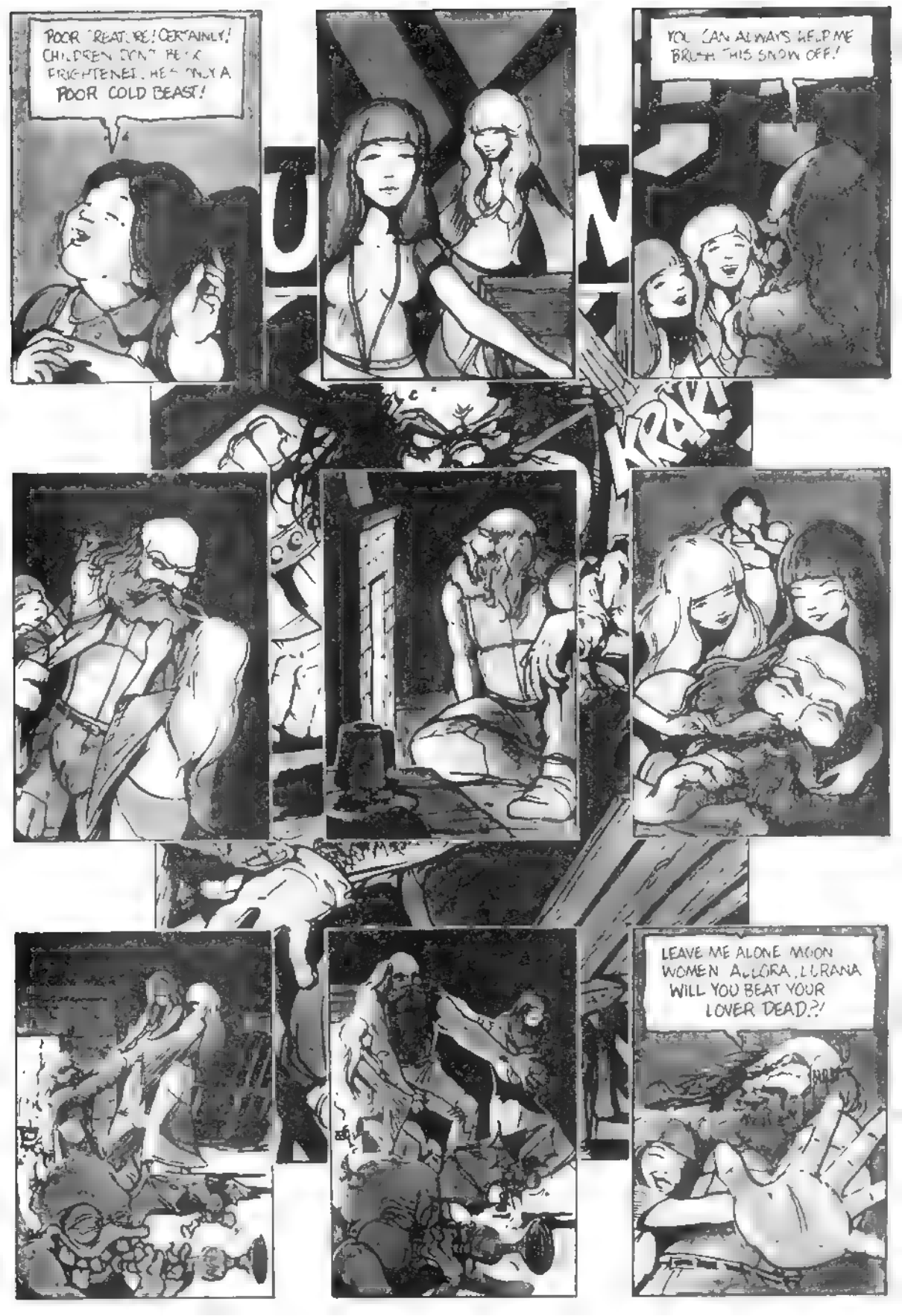

KA-BOOM DOOM BUMP!
WHOOO

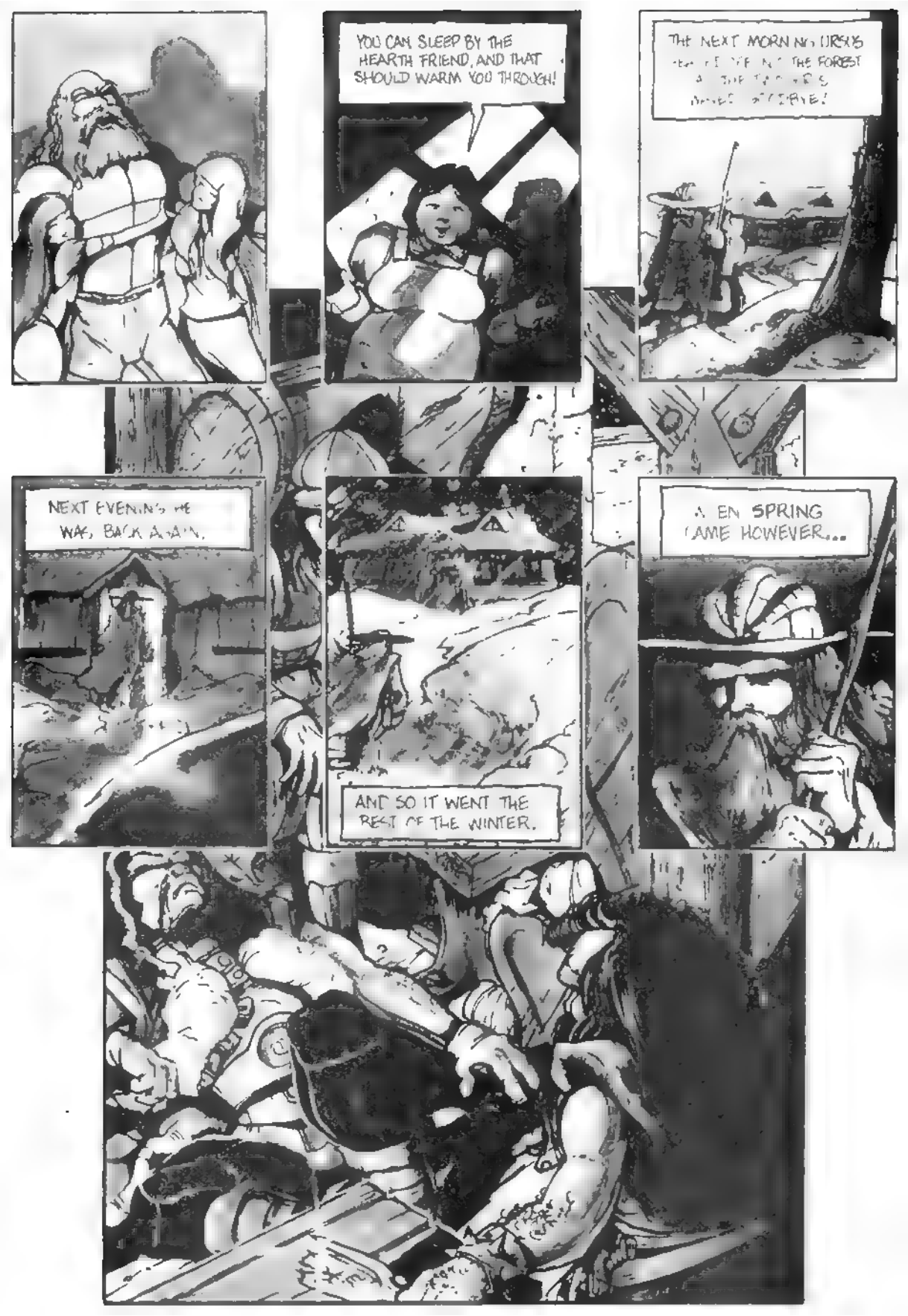

HOW VARIANTS APPEAR IS A PUZZLE
BUT EACH IS DISTINGUISHED BY
ITS FAITHFULNESS TO ITS PLACE AND TIME
RAWL CASTZ FROM
THE JOURNAL OF INTERGALACTIC MYTHOLOGY
THE BELLERGON VERSION
SHAG'S
ENTRANCE
PLEASE
I MET H.M IN A LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY BAR IN THE ASTEROID BELT OFF TULLEN..."

HE WAS LOOKING FOR A DRINK AND I WAS COLLECTING MYTHS.
DO I KNOW ANY WHAT?!
MYTHS! FAIRY TALES! I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK OR TWO IF YOU CAN TELL ME ONE I HAVEN'T HEARD!
FAIRY TALES! WELL SON THERE'S ONLY ONE I RECALL AT ALL AND IT'S ONE MY MOTHER TOLD ME TOO MANY YEARS AGO TO THINK ABOUT!
MY MA CALLED IT THE STORY OF ALLORA AND LURANA AND IT TOOK PLACE ON THE PLANET BELLERGON...
BELLERGON WAS BLESSED WITH ONE SUN AND TWO MOONS. THE ONE MOON WAS BLOOD-RED AND CALLED LURANA. THE OTHER WAS WHITE AS SNOW OR LACE N DUST AND WAS CALLED ALLORA.

THERE WAS A WIDOW, LIVED IN A WILDERNESS TRACT ON BELLERIXIN. ALLED THE WIDOW SKRITZ!
SHE HA TWO DAUGHTERS WHO NAMED
THEY WERE BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND CHEERFUL BUT OF THE TWO ALLORA WAS THE MORE BEAUTIFUL.
WHILE ALLORA SAT AT HOME LURANA WENT TO EXPLORE THE WILDERNESS SURROUNDING THEM.
MOST STRIKING OF ALL WAS THE STRANGE EMPATHIC BOND THEY SEEMED TO HAVE FORMED WITH SOMETHING THAT LIVED IN THE WOODS.
THE MUMPHS, FLURDANS AND EWDINGS ALL BEFRIENDED THEM AND THEY WALKED WITHOUT FEAR THE END WAS NEAR.
AT NIGHT THE WIDOW AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS RETIRED TO THEIR HOUSE TO CHAT TO EACH OTHER OR TALK ABOUT WHAT TIME FOR BED.

UNTIL ONE WINTER'S NIGHT...
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
QUICK LURANA, OPEN THE DOOR! IT MUST BE A TRAVELLER SEEKING SHELTER!
OH--.
TAKE IT EASY! I'M TOO FROZEN TO HARM ANYBODY EVEN IF I WANTED TO. I JUST NEED TO WARM MYSELF AWHILE! PLEASE! I AM CALLED URSUS!


POOR CREATURE! CERTAINLY! CHILDREN DON'T HAVE TO BE FRIGHTENED. HE'S ONLY A POOR COLD BEAST!
YOU CAN ALWAYS HELP ME BRUSH THIS SNOW OFF!
KRAK!
LEAVE ME ALONE MOON WOMEN ALLORA, LURANA WILL YOU BEAT YOUR LOVER DEAD?!


YOU CAN SLEEP BY THE HEARTH FRIEND, AND THAT SHOULD WARM YOU THROUGH!
NEXT EVENING HE WAS BACK AGAIN.
AND SO IT WENT THE REST OF THE WINTER.
A LEN SPRING CAME HOWEVER...

THESE ASTEROID BARS AREN'T THE EASIEST PLACE TO TALK, ARE THEY?
YOU'RE TELLING ME! I REMEMBER THE TIME ON CULTIPHA-
SAVE CULTIPHA! TELL ME MORE ABOUT URSUS!
WELL HE LEFT! BECAME HE HAD TO AND HIS SHIP PARTS AND VALUABLES FROM THE KRULTK!
"THE KRULTK WERE SENTIENT BEINGS THAT LOOKED VAGUELY LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN A MAN AND A GEEDLE. THEY WERE MEAN CLEAR THRU AND THE ONLY GOOD THING YOU COULD SAY ABOUT THEM WAS THAT THEY SLEPT ALL WINTER. THEY WERE ALSO THE ONLY CREATURES THAT THE TWO GIRLS HAD NO EMPATHIC BOND WITH."
YOU KNOW HOW THE [illegible] ARE! THEY STEAL EVERYTHING THEY CAN AND HEAT IT! THEY'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FOOD CHAIN!
ZAK!
ZOOK?
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN TRADING THEM TO THEIR ALIENS. I'VE TRIED, BUT I NEED TO PROTECT THE FEW BELONGINGS I HAVE LEFT.
DON'T WORRY ALORRA. I'LL RETURN.
GAK!

A FEW DAYS LATER THE WIDOW SKRITZ SENT HER DAUGHTERS TO THE FOREST TO GATHER FIREWOOD.
ALLORA, LOOK!
UNH! URK! GRUNT!
GURK! GURK! GURK!
WHY ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE?! COME AND HELP ME!!
I'LL HAVE TO GO GET SOME HELP!

HELP! THERE ARE ALREADY TWO TOO MANY OF YOU! THINK OF SOMETHING!!
ZAP!
SLICING MY HAIR WITH A BLASTER! THE GRINK AND HIS BROTHERS TAKE YOU BOTH!
AFTER ALL, IT WAS THE TREE'S IDEA. HE SEEMED TO THINK IT WAS QUITE FUNNY.

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS IT SEEMED EVERYWHERE THE GIRLS WENT THEY WERE RESCUING THE KRULTK FROM ONE DILEMMA AFTER ANOTHER...
WZZ
BLUB* GURGLE GLUG!
GRRRRR!!!!
HELP!
I REALLY DON'T NEED THIS...
THIS IS GETTING A BIT MONOTONOUS.
...AND ALWAYS WITH THE SAME RESULT...
COULDN'T YOU HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL? YOU'RE BOTH TERRIBLY IRRESPONSIBLE!
...EACH TIME GATHERING UP ANOTHER OF H.S SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BAGS OF TREASURE!
BUT THE GIRLS NEVER BEGRUDGED THE HELP THEY GAVE HIM AND GREW USED TO HIS THANKLESSNESS.

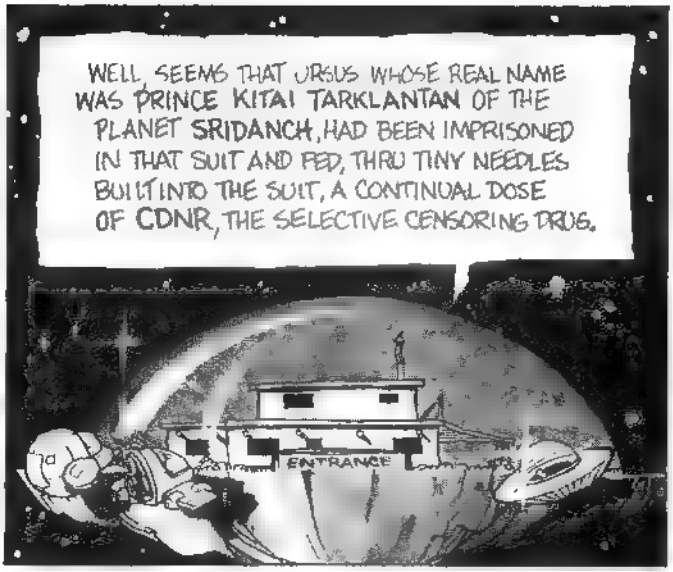
DOES THIS SCENE MUCH LONGER?
NO! WE'RE REACHING THE BIG FINALE!
ONE NIGHT AS THE GIRL RETURNED HOME ACROSS A STRETCH OF HEATH...
WHY DO YOU STAND GAPING THERE?!
AAHHHRRGH!!

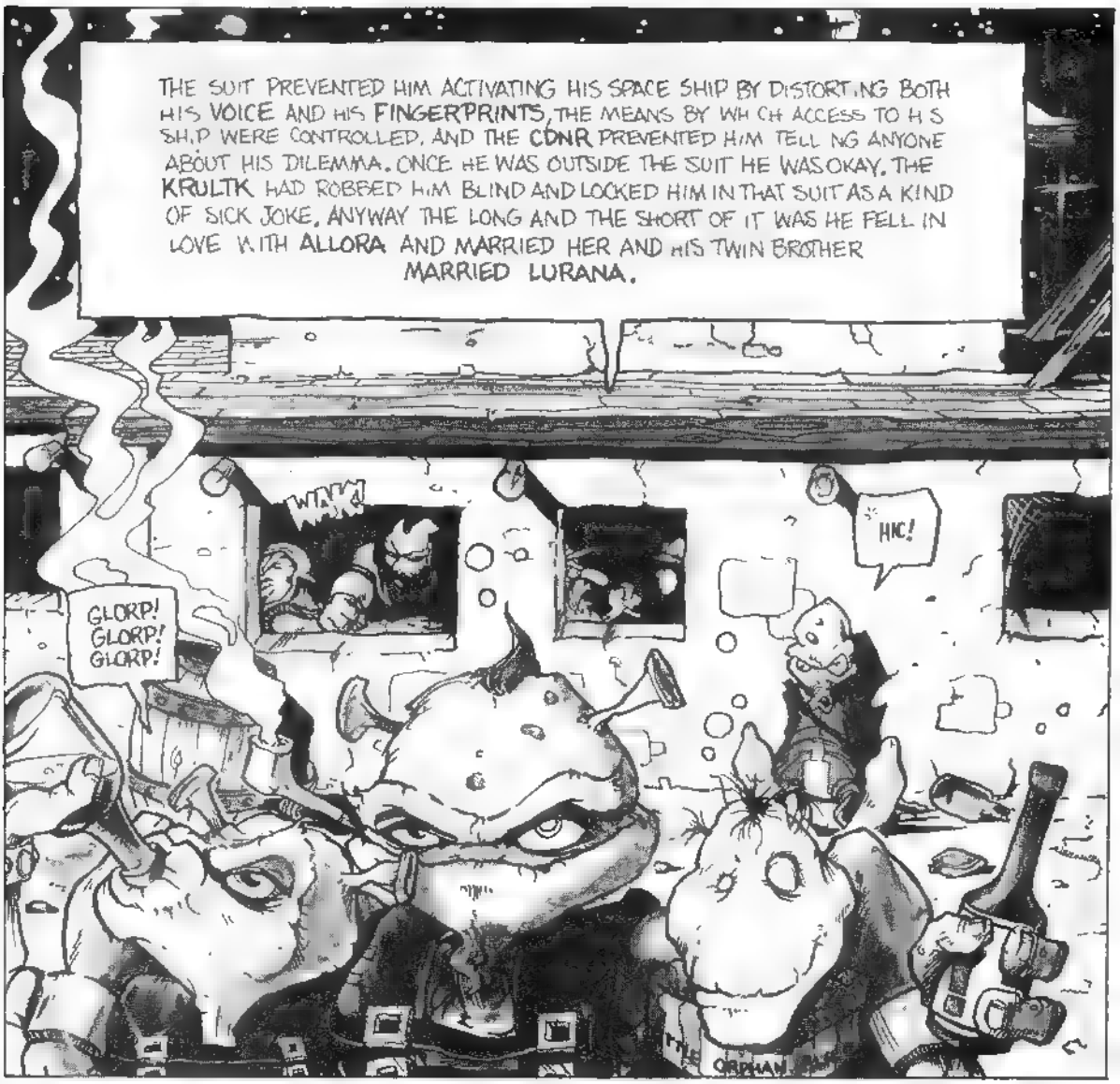
OH MY FORDLE! SPARE ME! PLEASE! YOU CAN HAVE ALL THESE JEWELS! — AND THE GIRLS! A REAL CATCH! JUST SPARE ME!

SMAK!
ALLORA! LURANA! WAIT! DON'T RUN!
IT'S URSUS!

NOW PRAY TO FORDLE HE STILL HAS IT!
ZIP

SO WHAT HAPPENED?!


WELL, SEEMS THAT URSUS WHOSE REAL NAME WAS PRINCE KITAI TARKLANTAN OF THE PLANET SRIDANCH, HAD BEEN IMPRISONED IN THAT SUIT AND FED, THRU TINY NEEDLES BUILT INTO THE SUIT, A CONTINUAL DOSE OF CDNR, THE SELECTIVE CENSORING DRUG.
ENTRANCE


THE SUIT PREVENTED HIM ACTIVATING HIS SPACE SHIP BY DISTORTING BOTH HIS VOICE AND HIS FINGERPRINTS, THE MEANS BY WHICH ACCESS TO HIS SHIP WERE CONTROLLED. AND THE CDNR PREVENTED HIM TELLING ANYONE ABOUT HIS DILEMMA. ONCE HE WAS OUTSIDE THE SUIT HE WAS OKAY. THE KRULTK HAD ROBBED HIM BLIND AND LOCKED HIM IN THAT SUIT AS A KIND OF SICK JOKE. ANYWAY THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT WAS HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ALLORA AND MARRIED HER AND HIS TWIN BROTHER MARRIED LURANA.
WANK!
HIC!
GLORP! GLORP! GLORP!
THE ORPHAN

URP! SCUSE ME!
SOUNDS A LITTLE TWISTED TO ME!
WELL, THAT'S THE WAY MY MOTHER TOLD IT TO ME! AND IF YOU'RE IMPLYING SHE WAS TWISTED—!
NOW HOLD ON A MINUTE! NOTHING PERSONAL! YOU UNDERSTAND!
HOW ABOUT A LITTLE KNUCKLE JUST TO EMPHASIZE THE POINT I'M MAKING?!
CRUNCH!
BANG! POW!
SHAG'S
ENTRANCE
TOM NESBIT-ART
B.P. GRIMM-WORDS
FROM AN IDEA BY AND FOR
Ron Van Leeuwen.

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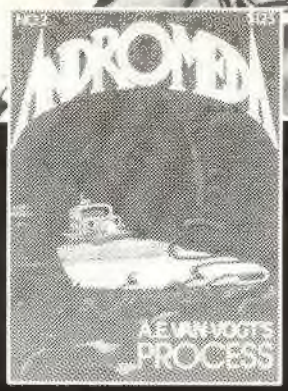

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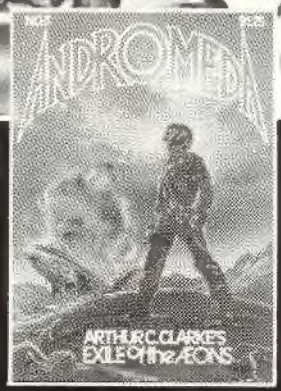

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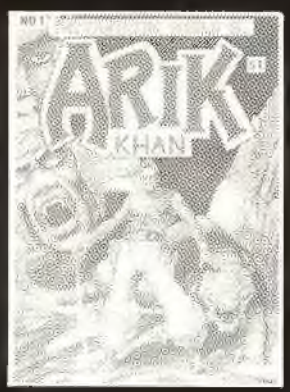

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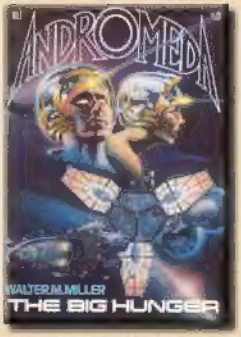

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Paul Rivoche 3
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B.P. Nichol 4-28(story adaptation), 35-50(s)
Tony Meers 4-28(a)
Paul McCusker 4-28(l)
Derek Carter 29-32
Don Marshall 33-34
Tom Nesbitt 35-50(a)
Ron Van Leeuwen 35-50(story idea)
B.P. Grimm 35-50(l)